

SMILE

Issue 10 UK 60p US \$2 Smash The Imagination



SEX WITHOUT SECRETIONS



**BUY
CULTURE**

**BEAT
DEATH**

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

DESIRE IN RUINS

1) The whole of post-modern life is mediated by a series of abstractions. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, desire, all have a role to play in the maintenance of the capitalist system.

2) Those who do not reiterate accepted mystifications find their activities and ideas suppressed by both the media and the soft cops in the universities and community relations.

3) In the past, life was mediated by such abstractions as honesty, truth, progress, and the myth of a better future. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, and desire, are a further refinement in the mediation of life by abstractions. In the post-modern era they serve power in the same way that honesty, truth, progress, etc, served the capitalist system in the classical modern age (1909 - 1957).

4) Creativity is labour reified to moral good, the name of the work ethic after its modernisation. To those who oppose all moralisms creativity is just as alienating as wage labour. We reiterate the anti-moralist slogan 'Never Work' and hold that this formulation embraces the refusal of creativity.

5) Pleasure is a method for the ordering of experience into a hierarchy of desirability. It is an abstraction which negates the lived moment, and requires reference to the possibility of past/future (or at least other) experience. The anti-capitalist must reject all such systems of value.

6) Imagination is an abstraction which negates concrete experience. It is the central mechanism for the dominance of the image as chief agent of repression in our spectacular society.

7) Desire is the permanent deferral of the actuality of the present in favour of the purported gratifications of an illusory future.

8) We engage an active nihilism for the destruction of this world and all its abstractions:

No more leaders.

No more experts.

No more superstars.

No more politicians.

No more thinking 'culture' can change anything except a few bank accounts.

The show is over.

The audience start to leave.

Time to collect their coats and go home.

They turn around.....

.....No more coats

.....No more homes

ABOLISH PLEASURE

REFUSE CREATIVITY

SMASH THE IMAGINATION

DESIRE IN RUINS

THE PRESENT IS ABSOLUTE

EVERYTHING NOW!

THE REFUSAL OF CREATIVITY

POLITICS in the epoch of its dissolution - a negative movement which seeks the transcendence of politics in historical society where the present has yet to be lived - is simultaneously a politics of change and the pure expression of impossible change. The more grandiose its reach, the more its true realisation is beyond it. Such politics are forcibly in the 'vanguard', and 'are not'. The vanguard being their disappearance.

As the final integration of the Situationist project into consumer society (punk rock) proved, dissatisfaction itself became a commodity as soon as economic abundance was able to extend its production to the treatment of such a raw material.

It is now apparent that Debord constructed his occult (situationist) international from dreams of becoming an unseen power directing the popular storm. A power all the more effective for being without badge, title, or official right. A dictatorship whose strength was drawn from abandoning the characteristic appearances of power within the reigning society.

It was from such dreams of power (the powerful dreams of an activist) that the Situationist International (SI) derived its theoretical reverence towards creativity, imagination, and desire. Indeed such was the level of fetishisation within the SI, these attributes became a prerequisite for participation in the Situationist programme. Thus rather than refusing a role in the global network of mediations, the SI acted as the avant garde in the process of colonisation.

Where the SI (like all recuperators) failed, was in attempting to process the negative energy of those who refuse to participate. Inactivity has proved to be immune from commoditisation. While capital is past master at recuperating activities directed 'against' its 'logic', it is helpless in the face of those who refuse to do anything.

Indeed the negative power of the mass, of their slack, of the refusal of creativity, threatens to pull down the moralisms on which all separations are built. This heralds not just the end of politics, art, and philosophy, but everyday life as we know it. In a world without time, daily life will be dissolved by the present.

ARTISTS' PLACEMENT AND THE END OF ART

'Artists' Placement is intended to serve Art rather than to provide a service for artists.'

Barbara Steveni 'Will Art Influence History?' (In 'AND Journal of Art' No. 9).

In the same article from which the preceding quote is extracted, Steveni elaborates that the 'APG (Artists Placement Group) was never created as an agency to help artists find employment, or to create new forms of support for artists. APG is a means of generating change through the media of art rather than through verbal proceedings only, in the context of organisation.' Thus the APG seeks to propagate the concept of the placement of artists in government and industry. The 'placed artist' is to play the role of 'incidental person' and carry an open brief.

Such aims are at best reformist. For those who do not adhere to a 'revolutionary perspective' the idea of placing 'incidental persons' in government and industry might appear 'radical' if the concept were removed from the conservative framework within which the APG attempt to contain it.

However, close examination of the APG's theory shows that in terms of its actual practice, the propagation of the concept of artists as 'incidental persons', is only a second order activity. Its first priority is clearly the maintenance of a belief in 'Art', and the role of the artist, in a society where such mystifications are increasingly viewed as irrelevant, not only by the general population, but also by those whose system 'Art' once helped to maintain.

In effect, the APG is calling for the utilisation of specialists (artists) in a non-specialist role (the 'incidental person'). Thus the APG hope to create for themselves (artists) a preserve as professional non-specialists, while excluding ordinary workers and the unemployed from fulfilling any 'incidental' function.

The APG are a professional self-interest group. Like all artists they stand in opposition to the aims and aspirations of the impossible class.

6 OF 666 FROM THE APOCALYPTIC CHURCH OF BOB

- 1) The body is our only temple.
- 2) Worship consists of any orgasmic or penetrative function.
- 3) Anyone stupid enough to get married can find redemption in adultery.
- 4) Bobmass is to be celebrated every March 24th.
- 5) Since all things come from Bob, we too are Bob.
- 6) The coming nuclear holocaust is a necessary part of the evolutionary process.

FROM RUINS IN ART TO ART IN RUINS

- 1) With the exception of the human figure, the 'ruin' has been the dom-

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inant motif in western art since the romantic era. Vowles and Banks (Art In Ruins) have taken this motif and re-applied it to art.

2) Such activity is intended to deconstruct dialectics, art, and nature, revealing their common origin in the mind of (wo)man. Art In Ruins have always spurned spurious oppositions between 'mother' nature and urban 'man'. The use of straw in their city-scape installations is just one example of this.

3) The relationship between 'art' and 'ruins' is ambiguous. Decomposition is both the result of commodification, and necessary for the reinvention of the (art) market. Rather than offering moral judgements, Vowles and Banks prefer to engage in a nihilistic deconstruction.

4) 1986 saw the introduction of colour to the previously black and white world of Art In Ruins. Perhaps the most influential factor in this change of direction was their being signed up by Gimpel Fils Gallery. International promotion with a full colour catalogue was being planned for the following year. The plundering and reinvention of sixties radicalism (Fluxus, Metzger's Auto-Destruction, Situationist theory) was over. Instead we find the dayglow colours of Chernobyl fall-out and an interest in marketable nouveau realisme. If the presentation of a world caught up in moral panic (over radiation, AIDS, and world terrorism) is subjective, it is also ironically distanced. It is a sign of the times that 'moralists' condemn such a response as being in some way 'inappropriate'.

DESTRUCTION IN ART/DESTRUCTION OF ART

"The cataclysmic increase in world destructive potential since 1945 is inextricably linked with the most disturbing tendencies in modern art, and the proliferation of programmes of research into aggression and destruction in society."

Opening statement of 'Destruction In Art Symposium' Press Release (London, May 1966).

IN his famous lecture to the Architectural Association, Gustav Metzger traced the origins of destruction in twentieth-century art back to Futurism and Dada. However, Metzger's ideas were more extreme and broad ranging than even these historical precedents imply. In 1970 he was London organiser of the "International Coalition For The Liquidation Of Art". By 1974 he was proposing that "artists acting individually or in para-military units" should "shoot art dealers, museum officials, and art critics". Metzger was a founder member of the Committee Of 100, orchestrated light projections for The Cream, The Who, and The Move, and, most important of all, organised the 1966 "Destruction In Art Symposium" (DIAS) London. The extent of Metzger's interests are demonstrated by his consideration of the title "Destruction In Art, Life, and Science, Symposium" for what eventually became the DIAS event.

Metzger's work was based on the premise that a society which is socially sick demands an art that is aesthetically sick. This idea found elaboration in the writing of a number of 'radical' theorists during the sixties. Raoul Vaneigem is categorical about this in his book "The Revolution Of Everyday Life": "Unpleasant art only reflects the repression of pleasure instituted by Power." Today one does not need to be an 'advanced' theoretician to see the flaws in Vaneigem's premise. Over the past two decades it has become clear that abstract concepts such as 'pleasure' serve Power as mechanisms of reification. What is surprising is the extent to which such realisations were already embedded in Metzger's practice prior to their theoretical elaboration by the PRAXIS group.

Although Metzger's relationship with the Fluxus group was strained following events at the 'Festival Of Misfits' in October '62, there can be no doubt that he must be placed within the Fluxist tendency when generalisations are to be made about those whose practice went beyond the 'radical theories' of militant groups such as the Situationist International (SI). The relationship between Fluxus and Situationism is similar to that between Dada and Surrealism: that is to say that while the SI (like the Surrealists before them) clothed themselves with an appearance of radicalism, they remained willfully blind to the negative practice of Dada/Fluxus.

While the SI were ultimately agents of bourgeois recuperation, its theorists (such as Vaneigem) did at least have the wit to understand that: "The only modern phenomena comparable to Dada are the most savage outbreaks of juvenile delinquency." Despite such theoretical 'insight' the SI was unwilling (or incapable) of directing destruction against the reigning conditions of life. Instead these latter-day 'specialists in revolt', preferred to spout pomposities about their role in the 'revolutionary vanguard'.

As a result of using blood and entrails in their 'performance rituals' the "Vienna Institute For Direct Art" became the most famous group using destruction as an element in their work. However, despite the 'appearance' of 'extremism', such 'akshuns' were too conservative for the needs

of the reigning society. When asked about Schwarzkogler's mythic self-mutilation, his friend Nitsch responded: "This is complete nonsense. His works were exhibited at the Documenta Kassel in 1972 and a female journalist wrote in TIME of LIFE that he had cut off his penis in slices. People always project us into their unmastered thoughts, they are much more radical than we have ever been."

Despite ease of access to information about Schwarzkogler (he committed suicide by jumping from a window) references to his fictional 'self-castration as a work of art' still abound in standard reference books. For examples, John A. Walker in "Art Since Pop" states: "The Austrians feel that representing reality via a medium is no longer meaningful and the central idea behind their rituals is 'material action', that is, using reality itself as a means of formal creation.....The deadly seriousness of their aesthetic is indicated by the fact that Schwarzkogler (1940 - 69) killed himself in the name of art by successive acts of self-mutilation."

Like the Viennese artists, John Latham is another individual whose use of destruction fell far short of Metzger's unfashionably subversive practice. While Latham's assault on the book as a symbol of authority contained radical import, his theoretical base proved downright reactionary. Latham's assertion of the superiority of art over science is calculated to raise the standing of art as a profession. While his activity with the "Artists' Placement Group" serves to protect the interests of artists (as a professional group of non-specialists) against encroachments from outside this sphere.

Chris Burden's performance "SHOOT" (19/11/71, F Space, Santa Ana, California, USA) best represents the reactionary use of destruction by career artists promoting an individualist ethic. The event consisted of Burden being shot in the arm with a bullet from a copper jacketed 22 long rifle, at a distance of twelve feet. The difference between the spectacle of destruction, and destruction of the spectacle, is fundamental.

By contrast, Metzger was someone capable of carrying through activities that radical theorists (such as Raoul Vaneigem) couldn't even fully articulate. In "Revolution Of Everyday Life" Vaneigem states: ".....those who reject all roles....who develop a theory and practice of this refusal. From such maladjustment to spectacular society a new poetry of real experience and a reinvention of life are bound to spring." Despite such sentiments Vaneigem himself was never able to abandon the role of revolutionary militant. Metzger, however, did come up with a means of rejecting his role as an artist. In 1974 he issued a call for a three year 'Art Strike' to take place in the years 1977 to 1980. In the event Metzger proved to be the only 'artist' radical enough to reject the role which perpetrated his own oppression. Rumours, originating from a Yugoslavian source, have been circulating about an artists' strike having taken place in Eastern Europe. We have been unable to locate any concrete data verifying this.

The PRAXIS group revived Metzger's strike idea in 1985. Since then they have been calling on all artists to cease creative activities between 1990 and 1993. In 1986 PRAXIS expanded this proposal into a more generalised 'Refusal Of Creativity'. The new proposal covered all forms of activism, whether 'political', 'artistic', 'scientific', 'philosophic' etc.

PRAXIS are a post-activist group aiming to destroy Capital through the rejection of identity and the abandonment of all activities from which personalities are constructed. They hope you will join them in their Refusal Of Creativity.

MULTIPLE NAMES

History

"We are the White Colours, Slaves of Freedom, Second Coming, Babes On Add, Flame Thrower Boys, Hip Troup, Jack Off Club, Flat Cap Conspiracy. We refuse to be limited to one name. We are all names and all things. We encourage other pop ensembles to use these names. We want to see a thousand ensembles with the same name. No one owns names. They exist for all to use." Stewart Home "Towards Nothing" (Manifesto/flyer) 1982.

"Since the discovery that Oslo Kalundburg, the radio station, is an anagram of Klaos Oldanburg, it has become one of BLITZINFORM-ATION's foremost projects to change everyone's name to Klaos Oldanburg. WE THEREFORE INVITE YOU TO BECOME KLAOS OLDANBURG."

Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czarnowski "Klaos Oldanburgship" 1975.

"From today you will be President of the Christ Society Ltd, and recruit members. You must convince everyone that they too can be Christ, if they wish to be, on payment of fifty marks to your society." Raoul Hausmann "Courrier Dada" 1920.

HAUSMANN'S remarks place him at a pivotal point in the greatest of the suppressed Western traditions. For nearly two millennia assorted 'mystics have claimed to be Christ. These include the 'historical' Christ

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whose claim (related in the 'Holy Bible'), of genetic descent from 'God' is not necessarily to be taken literally. Although the custom of claiming to be the (or a) divine being predates the Judaic tradition, it was not until the emergence of the Free Spirit heresy in the eleventh-century that 'Christian' mystics began to refer to the Trinity in terms of a multiple name concept. These assertions of Godhood were of a different order to those of earlier heretics who had claimed to be the sole earthly incarnation of God or Christ. Influenced by Neo-Platonic philosophy, adherents to the Free Spirit proclaimed that all (wo)men were potentially God and that this single identity had already been realised by many adepts. The argument ran that since "all things are One, because whatever is, is God" all (wo)men became God upon making this realisation. Members of the cult claimed that "each one of them was Christ and the Holy Spirit" because the miracle of the Incarnation was being repeated in everyone.

Despite persecution the Free Spirit heresies remained a living tradition for over 600 years. Their uses of the Trinity as a multiple name concept appears for the final time in the literature of the Ranters, a rebellious sect that flourished in seventeenth-century England.

The bourgeois era was marked by the supersession of religion by science and art. Doctors, rather than inquisitors, assumed responsibility for the persecution of those engaged in the use of multiple identities. Christ remained a central concept in these activities, but at times his popularity was surpassed by luminaries such as Louis XIV and Napoleon. Armed with the category of 'lunacy' the psychologist was better able to suppress multiple name concepts than 'his' precursor the priest. However, not even these bastards were able to eradicate spontaneous (or even organised) refusals of identity.

With Hausmann, the multiple name once more emerged from the subterranean depths to which it had been excluded by the histories of 'great men'. We have been unable to trace any evidence of the use of multiple names between Hausmann's proposals of 1920 and the re-emergence of their use among correspondence artists in the 1970's.

It is not surprising that Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czarnowski should have been the first mail artists to initiate a multiple name project. They had participated in a late manifestation of Fluxus (David Mayor's Flux-shoe). It had been through the Fluxus movement that mail artists had assimilated the heritage of Dada. Through a postal campaign, Kukowski and Czarnowski (working as Blitzinformation) persuaded a number of people to adopt the name Klaos Oldanburg. Unfortunately we have been unable to obtain enough data on 'Klaos Oldanburgship' to make an evaluation of the project.

In 1977 another correspondence artist, David Zack, initiated a multiple name project. He 'invented' the tag Monty Cantsin and wrote to various 'individuals' asking them to use it. The name did not gain widespread use until the mid-eighties. For five years (1979 - 83) it was the exclusive 'property' of a performance 'artist'. As a result many people identified it with 'The Blood Campaign', a turgid inversion of Steve Paxton's "Intravenous Lecture" of a decade earlier. However, by the time of the '64th Neoist Apartment Festival' in Berlin (December 1st - 7th 1986), documentation was being produced listing the addresses of 99 'individuals' using the Monty Cantsin identity. The perpetrator of 'The Blood Campaign', and his work, disappeared without trace, and the Monty Cantsin context needed no more than the elaboration of a theoretical base to enable it to function effectively.

During the eighties other multiple name projects were initiated. Some independently, and some in conjunction, with those already mentioned. In 1982 Stewart Home (an English punk musician going through an acid phase) proposed that all rock groups should be called White Colours. In 1984, again in England, it was proposed that all magazines should be called 'Smile'. 'Smile' magazines are now being produced in many European and North American cities. The Karen Eliot multiple name was launched in the summer of 1985. It was born of a dissatisfaction in the way certain individuals using the Monty Cantsin tag were actively preventing the development of an experimental base for the context. At the same time a group of individuals in Boston (USA) were, independently, initiating the Bob Jones multiple name project.

Methodology

The name Karen Eliot was launched through written, spoken, and visual, 'propaganda'. The concept of multiple identity was debated with anyone willing to discuss it. Polemics were issued encouraging interested parties to undertake projects using the name Karen Eliot.

The aim of the project was to examine the parameters of 'individuality' and the 'personality'. The methods of research were constantly modified in line with the results of experimental activity. The contexts in which the Karen Eliot name had been used were critically examined, and altered, in line with results. The epistemological base of the project rested on the idea of a 'totality' of 'being' and 'experience'. This was opposed to the separated categories of differentiation, which were viewed as social constructions developed to aid human survival but which no longer served any purpose.

A Summary Of The Results

The first major problem we faced during the course of the multiple name experiment was that of avoiding the over-identification of the context with one or more individuals. Indeed so great was the problem, we were forced to issue a leaflet to counter this tendency. Part of the leaflet read as follows: "Anyone can become Karen Eliot simply by adopting the name, but they are only Karen Eliot for the period in which they adopt the name.....When one becomes Karen Eliot one's previous existence consists of the acts other people have undertaken using the name.....When replying to letters generated by an action/text in which the context has been used it makes sense to continue using that context, ie by replying as Karen Eliot. However, in personal relationships, where one has a personal history other than the acts undertaken by a series of people using the name Karen Eliot, it does not make sense to use the context. If one uses the context in personal life there is a danger that the name Karen Eliot will become over identified with individual human beings."

It took a year of experimentation to establish the clear theoretical base elaborated in the leaflet from which the preceding sentences are extracted. Since the concept of property requires the establishment of unique identities, investigating the construction of identity from within a capitalist society requires the overcoming of an enormous amount of conditioning. This difficulty is reflected in the slow pace with which the research has progressed. And progress was often indicated by modifications in the way the experiment was conducted, rather than with 'concrete' answers to specific questions concerning the nature of identity.

The experimental base we established (in which the 'personalities' of the participants were retained outside the multiple name context) may 'appear' less 'radical' than a total subsumption of identity within the context, but it reflects a realistic approach toward the dismantling of character armour within the context of a capitalist society. Indeed, while it may not be possible to fully realise this deconstruction until the capitalist system has been abolished, such a realisation is central to the abolition of Capital.

One of the most recent shifts in the use of the multiple name context has been a concerted attempt to get the Karen Eliot name used outside cultural contexts. However, while the use of such a name has obvious applications in subversive and criminal pursuits, the very nature of these applications means that they are better left undocumented. Another recent innovation has been the use of several multiple names (such as Klaos Oldanburg, Karen Eliot, and Bob Jones) by an individual researcher. This has obvious advantages in discouraging the over identification of a particular context with a given 'individual'.

An Incomplete Karen Eliot Curriculum Vitae

Artists Strike leaflet - London, England, September 1985.

Smile issue 8 (magazine) - London, England, November 1985.

Smile (unnumbered magazine) - Hampton, England, November 1985.

Karen Eliot Family (print) - Aard Press, London England, December 1985.

Untitled cartoon on Spectacle - in Punk Comix 31, Aard Press, London England, 1985.

I Am A Twentieth Century Artist (group show) - Anteville, France, February 1986.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) - Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA. 21/2/86.

Letter in "60" (booklet) - Aard Press, London, England, April 1986.

"Theses on Mail Art" and "Artists Strike" - in Smile 4 (magazine) Minden, W. Germany, April 1986.

The Business Of Desire (group show) - DIY Gallery, Elephant and Castle, London, England, May 1986.

Multichannel Group Installation - Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA, May 1986.

Newts Fair In Love and Anti-Speciesism - Punk Comix 32, Aard Press, London, England, May 1986.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (leaflet) - London, England, July 1986.

Letter in Smile Vol 63 (magazine) - Berlin, W. Germany, July 1986.

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The Young Ling Master (story) — Monthly Bulletin 43, Berkeley, CA, USA, July 1986.

Rubber Stamp Action (with others) — Basement Cafe, Tate Gallery, London, England, 30/7/86.

Smile issue 9 (magazine) — London, England, August 1986.

Neoism Now (performance) — De Media, Eeklo, Belgium, 30/8/86.

Products (group show) — Steve French Gallery, Dundee, Scotland, September 1986.

Untitled photomontage in "Understairs" by Kathy Myers (paperback) — Comedia, London, England, October 86.

Reparation De Poesie (group show) — Obscure Gallery, Quebec, Canada, October/November 86.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) — Parachute Club, Aldershot, England, 1/11/86.

64th Neoist Apartment Festival (performances and exhibition of work) — in and around Artcore Gallery, Berlin, W. Germany, 1 — 7 Dec 86.

Ruins Of Glamour/Glamour Of Ruins (group show and catalogue) — Chisenhale Studios, Mile End, London, England, Dec 86.

Water Symphony (censored version) as part of 'Glamour Lied To Me' — Chisenhale Dance Space, Mile End, London, England, 13/12/86.

Various texts in 'Neoism Now' edited M. Cantsin — Haufen Press, Berlin, W. Germany, December 86.

Interview in Smile Vol 1 issue 6/7 (magazine) — Baltimore, Maryland, USA, December 86.

Ling And The Drag Act Caper (story) — Monthly Bulletin 49, Berkeley, CA, USA, January 1987.

Short text in 'Coil' (magazine) — R+D Group 28, London, England, February 87.

The Lie Of The Land (Group Show) — Young Unknowns Gallery, Waterloo, London, England, Feb 87.

Basic Banalities (Appendix to 'What Is Situationism?' by Jean Barrot) — Unpopular Books, London, England, February 87.

Photo-Day Duets (group show) — Chisenhale Dance Space + Studios Mile End, London, England, Feb 87.

Short Introductory Text in "Art In Ruins: New Realism From The Museum Of Ruined Intentions" catalogue — Gimpel Fils, London, England, March 87.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (abridged) — Certain Gestures 6, Aldershot, England, April 87.

Desire In Ruins (group show) — Transmission Gallery, Glasgow, Scotland, May 1987.

OVERTHROW THE HUMAN RACE!!

Genuine commitment to the solution of 'social problems' requires the overthrow of the human race. PRAXIS offer the following orientations:

- 1) Forming an alliance with aliens to attack the human race.
- 2) Building intelligent, self-reproducing, machines that will overthrow humanity.
- 3) Causing mutations in animals to produce species that will rise up against humanity.
- 4) Causing mutations in humanity that will transform it beyond recognition.
- 5) Causing a thermonuclear 'spasm' war that will decisively alter human consciousness (and possibly biology).

The Church of the SubGenius offer the following formula:

The Goal: Slack.

The Method: The Casting Out Of False Prophets.

The Weapon: Time Control.

The Motto: Fuck Them If They Can't Take A Joke.

Subversives of the world join us in the struggle against the human species.

Repent, Quit Your Job, Slack Off!

PUSHER

THE rain had driven Adam Stanovitch into the tube station and he stood watching rent boys work the rack. When a fat businessman picked one up, Adam followed. He wasn't surprised that he ended up at a nearby public toilet. Adam pretended to use the urinal and took a long time washing his hands. It was less than five minutes before the boy-prostitute emerged from his cubicle. Headed up to the street. The client came out two minutes later. Adam grabbed hold of the bastard. Shoved him back into the cubicle. He clenched his fist. Rammed it hard into the businessman's flabby belly. The shitbag doubled over, was about to vomit when Adam's steel toe-capped boot thudded into his groin. The effect was devastating. The bastard let out a gurgling scream as a fountain of puke exploded from his mouth. Adam brought his palms down on the crown of the executive's head. Brought his knee shooting up, once, twice, three times into an over-fed face. Each upward thrust of the leg was rewarded with the satisfying crunch of splintering bone. Blood was exploding from the bastard's mouth and nose. Some Herley Street dentist would have a field-day fixing up the broken teeth. Adam brought a final rain of blows down across the back of the shitbag's neck. The bastard crashed to the floor and lost consciousness.

Adam took the watch from the businessman's wrist. The wallet from the bastard's jacket. Stashed them in a crombie pocket. He stripped the fat executive. Shredded the clothes he'd removed. Shoved the shreds into the toilet and flushed. With his blade he carved the words CHILD MOLESTER into the businessman's sparsely-haired chest.

Adam locked the cubicle and climbed out over the top. It took him several minutes to wash the bastard's blood and vomit from his hands, face, and clothes. As he finished a junkie ran down the stairs and locked himself into a toilet. Adam gave him thirty seconds before kicking in the door. The skag-bag had a packet of junk in his hand. Adam snatched the fix. He knew there was no pain he could inflict with fist or boot that would match the agony of junk deprivation. He left the bastard as he was. Sitting crazy-eyed on the toilet.

It doesn't take long to find a junkie in the Dilly. Adam located a brace in less than a minute. He flashed his heroin haul. Slipped it back into his pocket.

"You want it!" Adam wasn't enquiring. He was stating the obvious.

"Yeah!" replied the taller skag-bag.

"Your place." Adam commanded.

The smack-heads were squatting a flat on Shaftsbury Avenue. Just up from Wardour Street. Before the pair moved in, it'd been a property developers' dream. A dream the junkies had destroyed.

Adam found what he needed in the kitchen — some bottles, a spoon, electric flex. He went back to the 'living' room. It was bare. No curtains, no carpet. He could see around it well enough. The lights didn't work but the neon signs of Soho provided sufficient illumination. The room contained nothing more than a plate of rotting food and various scraps of paper most of which were piled up in one corner. On one wall the words "A SYSTEMATIC DERANGEMENT OF THE SENSES" were sprayed in block capitals. On another wall was the slogan "ANARCHY IS FREEDOM". Neither phrase meant anything to Adam. They just confirmed his suspicions that this particular brace of addicts were middle class tossers who deserved to die. He got the junkies to drag a dirty double mattress out of a bedroom.

"You want to fuck us?" asked the taller junkie.

"Your works." Adam ordered holding out his hand. "Too works, no junk." he added after his initial command failed to elicit a response.

Angered at not getting the results he required, Adam slammed his fist into the taller junky's jaw. He was rewarded with the sickening crunch of splintering bone. The skag-bag reeled backwards and hit the wall. He sank to the ground spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. Adam booted the prostrate youth in the ribs. Once. Twice.

"Do you want more?" he enquired. 'Or will you hand over your works?"

The skag-bag pulled a hypo from his jacket pocket. It'd been broken during Adam's onslaught. Stanovitch laughed. He ground it's remains with his heel.

"Strip." Adam ordered. The junkies obeyed.

Stanovitch picked up the length of electric flex he'd got from the kitchen. He ordered the smaller junky to turn around.

"But...." the bastard began to protest.

"Shut it." Adam instructed as he rammed a fist into the scumbag's mouth. He heard a satisfying crunch as a tooth snapped. He whipped out his blade and slashed the shitbag across the chest. The bimbo offered no further resistance. Adam bound him with the flex. Repeated the operation with the second junky. Placed the brace of them on the mattress.

Adam dropped his trousers and laid a steaming turd on the floor. He smashed one of the bottles he'd brought in from the kitchen. Ground the broken glass with his heel. He sprinkled smack and ground glass over the turd. Mixed up the concoction. Worked it over several times to ensure its consistence.

Adam placed his victims' clothes in the fire grate. He collected all the

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bedding in the flat. Tore up the blanket and two sleeping bags he'd found. Added these to the pyre. He struck a match and torched the lot.

Adam unzipped his flies. Took out his tool. He put his blade against the shorter junky's neck and made the bastard blow him. He untied the taller junky and ordered him to fuck his flat-mate. Once the bastard had complied, Adam tied him up again. Undressed. Got on top of the taller junky. His fuck stick penetrated the bastard's dark rim. The asshole was subjected to the heaviest of onslaughts. Adam reached a climax and shot off a wad of liquid genetics. As he pulled himself up he was fantasising about headlines in the tabloids describing him as "The Randy Rapist".

"If you want some smack just let me know." Stanovitch snarled at the junkies.

"The glass would kill us," the taller skag-bag replied.

"Who wants to live?" Adam snapped.

It was a couple of hours before the junkies' cold turkey came on. When it did Adam stripped off and lay between the two shivering wrecks of humanity. After a while they started to sweat. Adam scratched his balls and pondered where scratching ended and playing began.

By this time the junkies were in a really bad way. Adam scooped up a spoonful of his excrement cocktail. Fed the smaller junky. He was too out of it to know exactly what he was eating. But some instinct told him it contained smack. He swallowed it down. Adam offered the second junky a similar treat. He lay back down between the addicts. They were both bleeding from the mouth. The glass that was lacerating their intestines brought them back to a full and agonised consciousness. The smaller junky was coughing blood. Adam mounted the bastard. Shoved his huge organ into the dying man's sphincter. The junky had lapsed back into delirium. He didn't notice that Adam was pounding his body to the primitive rhythm of sex. Adam approached orgasm. The junky neared death. A death that was speeded up by the sexual onslaught his broken body was suffering. Adam shot off an enormous wad of liquid genetics as the smack-head snuffed it. He repeated the performance with the taller junky. Again he was skilled enough to make orgasm coincide with death.

Adam dismounted. He fell asleep between the two cadavers. In the morning he left the flat without touching the bodies. He was no necrophile. His primary desire had always been for power over others. That was why he was the 'Randy Rapist'. He wasn't interested in corpses. He required a minimal resistance. Feed back.

ADAM moved into a house on Burdett Road, Mile End. He was planning some robberies to finance his way into big time drug dealing. He'd moved to where the best fences were still to be found. He'd figured it was convenient to live near these connections.

He'd got the idea for his crime from a pulp novel. More exact information had come from a clone he'd picked up on Clapham Common. He'd spent a couple of days with 'Bent' Bill Sutherland. Bill was a lorry driver who did a regular Friday run from a cigarette warehouse in Newcastle to a distribution depot in North London. When Adam mentioned his brother in Durham, Bill's face had lit up.

"Listen, youngster," he'd said. "Any time you need a lift down South, just go to the transport cafe south of the city. I'm in there every Friday between eight-fifteen and a quarter to nine."

Before making his trip up North, Adam made arrangements with a fence. He got a bent dentist to file his teeth to razor-sharpness. He'd taken a Thursday-night train to the historic city of Durham. But he'd had no intention of using the visit for educational purposes. And he was equally determined not to see his brother. The bastard was a social worker and would love the chance to demonstrate his 'caring professional attitude', by grassing up his own kin.

Adam checked into a bed and breakfast under an assumed name. The proprietor got him up at six-thirty. He'd eaten breakfast by seven. The walk to the transport cafe took an hour and ten minutes. Adam had checked it out the previous evening. This time he'd arrived just as his victim was pulling into the car park. Adam didn't follow Bill into the cafe. He didn't want to be seen with Sutherland. He waited by the roadside until Bill returned to his lorry. Sutherland climbed into the cab and was bent down switching off the alarm as Adam ran up.

"Just made it!" Adam panted as Bill looked up.

"Hello, youngster!" Bill beamed overcoming his surprise. "Looking for a lift?"

"Correct!" Adam grinned.

Bill opened the passenger door. Adam walked round and climbed up. He put his hand on the lorry driver's knee. Once they'd pulled onto the motorway, Adam unzipped the trucker's flies and jerked the older man off.

"Why don't I pull off onto a country lane?" Bill suggested.

"Not yet," Adam teased. "You'll enjoy it more for having to wait."

Bill made the suggestion several more times before Adam agreed. They finally pulled off the motorway on the last exit before Brent Cross.

Bill killed the engine. The two men got into the bed at the back of the cab. Stripped off. Bill took Adam's cock and sucked it deep into his throat. Adam could feel the pressure building in his groin as Bill

sucked and chewed on the member. Adam reached boiling point. Shot off a great wad of liquid genetics. He picked up a jar of KY and rubbed the jelly into Bill's arse. He banged his huge organ. It stiffened. Went hard. Was inserted into Bill's anal entry. The trucker moaned as Adam plumbed his full depth. Adam battered back and forth. Beat out the primitive rhythm of sex. Shot off another wad of liquid genetics. And finally withdrew his tool from the brown stained gauge of erect manhood.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Bill cried. Alarmed that his pleasure might be cut short.

"I'm knackered. Need a break." Adam rasped breathlessly.

"Come on! Make an effort!" Bill cajoled.

"I could give you a fist fuck." Adam suggested.

"I want it from this." Bill was pleading as he fingering Adam's cock.

"In that case you'll just have to wait." Adam was adamant.

"Oh, alright. Give me a fist fuck." Bill conceded. "I suppose it's about time I tried some of this modern sex."

Adam tightened his right hand into a fist. Inserted it into Bill's shit chute. He wrapped his left arm around his partner's waist. With a bit of pushing, and pulling, the fist inched into Bill's bum. All of a sudden the bowel muscles gave way and Adam was wrist deep into the arse. As the sphincter collapsed, Bill let out an orgasmic scream. In the same instant he lost consciousness.

Adam had planned on killing Bill by biting through the big man's cock with his newly filed teeth. However, he was just as happy to take advantage of Bill's unconscious state. He rumaged through the cab. Found a large, heavy, spanner. Got up beside Bill. Bashed the bastard on the bounce until blood and brains were oozing out of the lorry driver's head.

Adam left the body on the bed. Eased himself into the drivers seat. The motor started first time. Adam had never held an HGV licence. He'd learned how to handle lorries hitching across Europe. Many a long distance lorry driver would spend five minutes showing an intelligent hitcher how to keep a straight course on the motorway. Enabling the official driver to catch some kip while the wagon rolled on. Adam was well travelled and had progressed to negotiating city streets in a truck.

Adam headed for Epping Forest. It would be a few hours before the lorry was reported missing. Even so he didn't want to hang about. Bill's body and the lorry's number plates were thrown into a grave Adam had prepared three days earlier. It took just ten minutes of sweaty labour to cover the corpse with sufficient soil to ensure it would never be found.

Adam retrieved a set of false plates he'd hidden near the tomb. Having put them on the lorry he headed off for the Dagenham depot of the crime syndicate who were fencing the fags.

Sweat dripped from Adam's armpits as the lorry crawled through the snarled up streets of East London. He felt freed of a great burden once he'd delivered his haul. The cigs were worth a cool two hundred thousand at retail prices. Quite a robbery! With a murder on top it was a life sentence if he'd been caught.

Adam left Dagenham on a bus with fifteen grand burning a hole in his pocket. Not bad for a day's work but nothing compared to what the syndicate would make on the haul. The big time fences are only interested in large profits. The gang would have given him twenty grand for the cigarettes on their own. But Adam had also left them to dispose of the lorry. They'd charged five grand for carrying out this 'favour'. To the syndicate this was a profitable sideline. The lorry was a valuable source of spare parts.

ADAM'S first priority was to set up a front for his heroin racket. He rented some premises on a back street in Whitechapel. Installed a clapped out print machine in the basement. On the ground floor he opened a bookshop. It was stocked through an arduous campaign of shoplifting. There was a small office on the first floor. The rest of the building was given over to seminar and lecture rooms. The resultant structure was named "The London Free Trade Centre".

Adam's first followers were recruited outside a meeting of the 'Federation of Conservative Students'. Stanovitch had no problem in winning over right-wing students to his own brand of anarcho-capitalism. Tory nutters, who believed that the market should regulate everything, did not need much persuasion to back Adam's demand for the legalisation of all commodities. These maladjusted imbeciles were soon convinced that as long as businessmen were legally prevented from meeting the public demand for heroin, hard core pornography, and arms, then criminal elements would step in to fill the gap in the market. As a result products essential to social well-being were over-priced. And the tax-payer was burdened with a bill for a lot of expensive police work. Adam's practical approach to these problems, his calls for 'Direct Action', were especially attractive to the young. His message was that, before a Free Trade Utopia could be realised, a course of guerrilla action was to be undertaken. In other words, his followers should trade illegally in those commodities, such as drugs and guns, that were presently subject to parliamentary restriction.

This programme attracted hundreds of followers who were disenchanted with the purely theoretical posturings of right-wing student organis-

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ations. The recruits were enthusiastic and their parents had money to burn. The print run of Adam's paper 'Liberty' soon reached ten thousand.

Making the connections for smack didn't prove a problem. It was simply a question of being thorough and following back sources from street pushers to big time merchants. It was not until he'd built up a solid organisation, that Adam headed down to the Dilly. He followed a junkie into a side street. Walked up behind him. Put a 45 to his head.

"Listen, son," he snarled. "I want some information."

"Yeah?" the junkie replied uncertainly.

"I wanna know where I can buy some skag."

"You can get deals in the Dilly."

"I want bigger deals than that," Adam spat.

"New North Road, Islington. Newington Green. Saundringham Road, Hackney."

"Not so fast," Adam instructed as he fished a pen and paper from his pockets. "Write them down. Full addresses."

The junkie did as he was told. Adam kept the 45 trained on his head. When the skag-bag had finished, Adam retrieved his pen and the list of addresses. Squeezed the trigger of his gun. There was a 'whoosh' as the bullet sped through the silencer. The smack-head's legs crumpled beneath him. He was a corpse when he hit the ground.

The first address Adam tried was a bedsit on Greek Street. There was no reply to his ring on the bell. He slid a stolen credit card between the door and its frame. The latch slipped back. The 'dealers' room was on the second floor. Adam kicked in the door. Found three £5 bags of skag beneath a loose floorboard. There was nothing else worth taking. Adam left in disgust.

The next address he tried was a basement flat in Islington. The dealer opened the door a couple of inches. That was his first and final mistake. Adam pushed his way in. A client was shooting up in the kitchen. Adam shot the bastard to show that he meant business.

"I wanna make a connection," he informed the dealer.

"With me?" the pusher was confused.

"No," Adam elaborated. "With someone bigger."

"I have to wait for a phone-call," the dealer explained. "So that I know where to go for the pick up."

"When you expecting this call?" Adam was suspicious.

"This evening."

"You better not be fucking me around," Adam snarled as he pushed the 45 into the bastard's ribs.

The piece of human shit started to shake. He was having a hard time holding himself together. Needed a fix. Just another small time operator with a habit. Adam enjoyed making the toe-rag sweat it out. Spun it out over two long hours. Eventually got bored with the game and let the skag-bag shoot up. The junkie was sinking into a mindless euphoria when the phone rang. This time it was more than an addict looking for a fix. It was big business. The final wholesale deal before this particular junk chain hit the street.

They had an hour to get to a disused factory in Stoke Newington. It was a fucking tight operation. Adam and his mark were grabbed as they entered the building. The guide was a dead man. Hot shot material. Adam's fate was somewhat less definite. He obviously wasn't a cop. So the boys who'd grabbed him wanted to know just what it was he was up to. It took Adam an hour to convince them he might be able to put some serious business their way. The story was checked out and the gangsters consulted their boss. Adam was released twelve long hours after his capture.

"You'll be hearing from us," he was informed. "You'd better have the readies when we phone."

THE gangsters certainly had no problem coming up with the goods. Adam financed his early purchases with the proceeds of bank jobs. However it wasn't long before he found his heroin activities not only self-financing, but highly profitable. He soon discovered it was more of a kick pushing to pushers than dealing junk at street level. The power a dealer holds over his clients is more addictive than the substance he's pushing. And it was this addiction that Adam's most dedicated disciples were turned on to. Adam amused himself for months by withdrawing dealing duties from first one, and then another, of his minions. Most of the bastards were so spineless that they'd fall apart when this happened. Many of them ended up shooting the gear they'd once sold.

Within a year of moving into the heroin market, Adam was one of the richest men in London. He was making more money than could be sensibly re-invested in the hard drugs business. With these excess profits, he made heavy investments in a kiddie porn racket.

ALTHOUGH Adam got a kick out of his political and criminal positions, he found that the power he could exercise in these areas was heavily restricted by practical considerations. It was always possible to turn upon one of his minions and kick the bastard senseless. However, like any leader, Adam was forced to be somewhat pragmatic. He could not indulge in random violence as often as he'd have liked. In an attempt to compensate for this he got involved in the London SM scene.

Adam joined a leather club. On his first night out at this exclusive private establishment he picked up Reginald Hoxton-More, a wealthy young socialite with a masochistic fascination for 'revolutionary' literature.

When they got back to Reginald's plush Knightsbridge flat, Adam slapped the bastard across the chops. Then ordered him to fix some drinks.

"But that's not how it's done!" Reggie protested. "You're supposed to tell me I've been a bad boy and that I can't have a drink."

"Suit yourself," Adam retorted kicking his host in the groin. "If you don't wanna drink that's your problem."

Reginald was rolling on the floor screaming. Rather than waiting for the bird-brained bastard to pull himself together, Adam poured himself a large scotch.

By the time Adam had finished this, Reggie had recovered sufficiently to break open a bottle of port. Adam sipped at the generous portion his host had poured him. Made the brainless bottom wait in tense anticipation for the savage beating they both knew was coming. Adam finished his drink. Grabbed Reggie by the bollocks. Pulled the agonised imbecile into a leather-lined punishment room. Chained up his host, ripped the silk-shirt from its back. The smack dealing sadist chose a long, black, silver-tipped whip. With a twitch of his arm he sent a savage blow whistling against his victim's spine. He cracked the whip again. And once more it went whistling into Reggie's flesh. Then again. And again. Rivers of blood were pouring from the weals that had formed across the bird-brained bottom's badly bruised back.

"Capitalism is pornographic because it turns individuals into ciphers, representations of the human potential it inhibits," Reggie screamed in his ecstasy.

Adam continued his lashings while Reggie babbled incoherently about Konrad Schmid, leader of the insurrectionary flagellant movement in fourteenth-century Thuringia.

"We have saved the best wine till last," Reggie rasped. "It is our own blood!"

"Jesus!" Adam swore. "You're a real fucking arsehole."

He threw down his whip and unchained Reggie, who sprawled across the floor whimpering. Adam pulled down the bottom's leather jeans.

"Christ!" Adam exclaimed. "I've had more arse than a toilet seat and I've never seen such an over-used orifice! I could drive a truck up your bum!"

However the slackened state of the prey didn't prevent Adam from ramming home his love muscel with the force of a nuclear strike.

"There's more to be learnt from wearing a dress for a day, than wearing a suit for a year," Reggie screamed as he reached ego-negating climax.

For a split-second the reifications separating Adam and Reggie were abolished. But as the wash of simultaneous orgasm receded the pair were returned to a world held in check by hierarchical madness.

"You must punish me for allowing myself to be violated," Reggie intoned as he scooped a handful of pegs from a dish and handed them to Adam.

Adam attached the pegs to Reggie's bollocks. Giving them little twists as he did so. The masochist gave out a short series of yelps.

"Shitbag," Adam screamed as he slapped the bird-brained bastard across the chops.

"Piss on me, piss on me," pleaded the badly bruised bottom.

"Fuck you!" Adam snapped back.

"Let me lick your arsehole," the penitent pervert pleaded.

Adam took off his sta-press and briefs. Folded the trousers neatly before putting them down on a chair. Reggie got onto his knees. Adam turned around. Presented his arse to the crap-headed coprophile. Reggie ran his tongue along the rim of dark pleasures. Pushed his head between Adam's legs and licked at his playmate's balls. He took Adam's huge organ deep into his throat. Sucked on the tool in the way a greedy child would devour a lolly-pop. Eager to extract every pleasure from the primal delight. Swallowing down the come as if it was the sweetest of sugars.

Adam retrieved his dick from the guzzling glutton's orifice. Increased the pressure of his legs around the bastards neck. Only when the brainless bottom was half-choked did Adam release his grip. The smack dealer stood over the breathless masochist. Cock held in his hands.

"You've given me ample proof of your submissiveness," Adam intoned in a fruity, theatrical, voice. "As a reward, any generous master would douse you with the perfume of the sewers. However, I am a cruel master....."

Having said his piece, Adam splashed his precious piss across the floor. Being careful that none hit the object of his pleasure. When he'd finished, he let the brainless bastard lick the last drop of urine from the tip of his cock. His intention was entirely malevolent. He wanted to give the bird-brained bottom the tiniest taste of a pleasure that had been denied.

"You're a mess, shitbag!" Adam informed the masochist. "Fix yourself up. Then fix me a drink."

Adam hadn't counted the number of drinks he'd consumed while waiting for the imbecilic bastard to fix himself up. But he did know he was well pissed. That he shouldn't have drunk those seventeen pints at lunchtime. The smack dealing sadist slumped unconscious. Reggie was all

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over him like a cheap suit. The masochist was grinning madly. Behaving like a child who'd just discovered its parents had gone out of the house. He pulled out his cock and proceeded to masturbate. Shot off a wad of genetic poverty. The resultant mess, an accumulation of hundreds of years of incest and gene poisoning, splattered over Adam's legs. Reggie put on a porn video. Flicked through a woman's magazine.

The video clicked off. Reggie sat on Adam's lap. Took out the sadist's huge organ. Fondled its limpness.

He sat up all night telling his unconscious top about his plans for their marriage.

"Darling, darling!" Reggie whimpered as Adam came round in the grey light of dawn.

Adam pushed Reggie off his lap and stumbled into the toilet.

"Will you vomit over me?" Reggie enquired as he tapped on the bathroom door.

Having thrown up Adam felt better. He came out of the bathroom armed with a razor. Reggie was standing in his way so he slashed the bastard's arm.

"Lick up the blood." Reggie simpered as he held the copious flow to the smack dealer's mouth. "It's the best cure I know for a hang-over."

Adam licked the blood. His temper improved. He pinned the bird-brained bottom to the floor and carved a hammer and sickle in the bastard's chest. He licked up some more blood. Savoured the bitter-sweet taste. Gurgled. Sliced at the bimbo beneath him with a renewed vigour.

"Kill me, kill me!" the masochist screamed at the height of its ecstasy.

"Sure, anything you want." Adam replied as he sliced open Reggie's jugular.

EVER since Thatcher had gained Power in '79, British society had been moving steadily to the right. While the rich hired private muscle to protect them, it was left to the workers and unemployed to bear the brunt of the massive increase in violence. Most of which was being perpetrated by the cops. While Adam had exploited this trend to the fullest extent he no longer felt it provided enough scope for his power-crazed fantasies. He was intent on engineering a religious scenario as the backdrop against which to act out some particularly anti-social urges.

Adam advertised the week long 'retreat' at a Scottish castle in various Buddhist publications. It was no problem attracting thirty disciples of eastern religion. Students in particular jumped at the opportunity to study 'meditation', 'creative visualisation', and 'rubbing the Buddha for money', under a 'world famous master of enlightenment'.

Adam was introduced, to the imbeciles who attended the 'retreat', as the Venerable Moreal Bulldada. It was explained that although born in Tooting, Adam had spent thirty years of his life pursuing the mystic arts across the Indian sub-continent. The fact that Adam only appeared to be 'twenty-three years old', was cited as proof of his occult ability. After this introduction the initiates were sent to bed without supper. They were woken again at 4.30am the next morning. Led to the ballroom for the first 'spiritual adventure' of the day.

"My first lesson," Adam announced as he took his cock out of his flies, "is going to be an exercise in rubbing the Buddha for money."

"Is this a Zen teaching?" one of the initiates asked.

"No, it's sex magick." Adam retorted. "If you shut up, you might just learn something, Pink Boy."

"This is the Buddha." Adam explained, as he fingered his dick. "I want someone to come forward to rub this monster for money."

"How much do I get for doing it?" the Pink Boy demanded.

"Depends on you," Adam replied. "You have to concentrate on the amount you want. It's best to test out your powers with a small amount, say a pound, and work upwards from there."

"You'll give me a quid for jerking you off?" the Pink Boy looked like he was going to add some further comment. His mouth opened but the words came out as a scream. Adam had lunged forward and grabbed the bastard by the bollocks. When he released the grip, the crap-head's legs crumpled. The failed novice fell unceremoniously to the floor.

"Carry him out. Lock him in a dungeon." Adam issued instructions to his loyal disciples.

Adam continued his lecture. An initiate came forward and squeezed Adam's plonker into erection. At this point Adam suggested that the seeker might find it easier to place the length in his mouth, and suck. The genetic code, buried deep within Adam's brain, was activated. As he shot off a great wad of liquid genetics, an accomplice dropped a pound coin through a crack in the ceiling.

"A miracle, a M I R - A - C L E!" screamed the assembled 'Seekers After Truth'.

"Even greater mysteries are to be revealed to you over the course of this week," Adam informed the jubilant throng. "But first you must pay homage to me."

Two of Adam's accomplices entered the ballroom and placed a throne at its centre. The 'Great Man' sat on the throne. One accomplice placed a tin foil crown on his head. The other emptied a crate of broken glass onto the ballroom floor.

"To pay true homage to the Venerable Moreal Bulldada," the accomp-

lice who'd placed the crown on Adam's head announced, "you must strip off and crawl over the glass, lacerating yourselves."

The Seekers were overcome at finding themselves in the presence of an enlightened being, or at the very least someone who had achieved 'stream entry'. Thus they happily shed their clothes. Abandoned the garments which they saw as symbols of a worldly station. Conveniently forgetting, like the structuralists and their followers, that these 'symbols' also serve a practical function. That as well as being 'symbols', the garments provided protection against the elements. The initiates threw themselves onto the glass. Rolled around on it, screaming like furies in an orgy of self-immolation. One zealot scooped up a handful of the shards and shoved them into his mouth. He died in ecstasy. Draped across Adam's lap. His 'master' had a hard time keeping a straight face. To Adam, the fanatical display of religious conviction was the ultimate realisation of his most deep-seated fantasies.

When the homage was over, Adam had the Pink Boy brought up from the dungeon. The Unbelieving Bastard was ritually boiled in a pot. Three zealots jumped into the broth. Eager to demonstrate their religious conviction. They were cooked up alongside the murderous scumbag who'd dared to question Adam's authority. The boiled bodies made a highly nutritious meal. During the course of the 'religious' feast, an initiate demanded to be ritually slaughtered. The wish was granted. By this time Adam had grown tired of his religious kick. So taking his accomplices with him, he fucked off to London. Faced with the inexplicable loss of their leader, the remaining initiates knocked each other off in a bloody orgy of intolerance.

HAVING conquered the worlds of religion, politics, and crime, Adam decided it was time to expand his horizons. He got a lease on a former pool hall in the Mile End Road, and opened it up as the "Astigmatic Gallery". To run it he hired Bobby "Tunnel Vision" Thompson, a notorious art world grifter. Tunnel Vision had begun his career by bullshitting his way into art school, with a portfolio 'borrowed' from his brother. Since he was singularly lacking in artistic talent, this was the high point of his 'career' as a 'painter'. However, once he'd got himself elected to a position of responsibility within his art school Student Union, he did very well for himself as a hustler. Bobby initiated a programme whereby he hired artists to do exhibitions, and give lectures. For the lecture alone the Student Union was paying £60 plus travelling expenses. Instead of using this money to lure 'big names' to his college, Tunnel Vision sought out struggling artists desperate for the opportunity to expand their CV. He paid them travelling expenses (minus 'administration costs'), and pocketed their 'fees'. Ontop of this he often expected 'sexual favours' from wimmin artists. On this front he was inclined to push his luck a little too far. When a scandal finally broke, his family bribed a doctor to give him a hospital bed, from where he feigned illness until the trouble blew over.

Adam had met Thompson in the 'Blind Beggar', Stepney. He was an ugly bastard. A snivelling heterosexual. Adam made it clear that if Bobby wanted a job, he'd better be prepared to blow the boss once a week. Thompson was desperate enough for the position to undergo this humiliation. He'd been at his job just six days when Adam first ordered him to act out this obligation. Thompson was trembling with disgust as he placed Adam's plonker in his mouth. To his boss such fear was exciting. Bobby started to suck. The genetic code buried deep inside Adam's brain clicked on. Soon afterwards liquid DNA was spurring into Thompson's throat. Adam made the breathless het swallow great wads of his sperm. Having completed his half of the bargain, Bobby rushed into the toilet, where he proceeded to wash out his mouth. This took him an hour.

Adam's plans for the gallery went way beyond the humiliation of a weazle like Thompson. Tunnel Vision had strict instructions not to get involved with any abstract rubbish. Adam intended to specialise in collectable figurative works, that would have a strong appeal to the masses.

When it came down to delivering the goods, Bobby proved incapable of recruiting the kind of talent Adam wanted the Astigmatic to promote. Thompson wasted several weeks touring degree shows. The half-blind bastard was scoring well on his own criteria of 'quick fucks', but Adam refused to ratify the signing of any of the young hopefuls his 'exhibitions director' brought before him. Eventually he was forced to reduce Bobby to front-of-house duties, and set forth, himself, in search of the 'talent' he needed. By avoiding the art schools, and concentrating on 'tourist' galleries, Adam had soon poached the dozen social realists who would form the backbone of his gallery.

By allowing only the super-rich into Astigmatic openings (Adam hired bouncers who beat-up any 'art world bohemian' who dared show their face) the investment was transformed into a juicy profit. And the rich who patronised the gallery not only bought paintings. Inspired by the heroic subject matter of their purchases, many donated money to Adam's political movement. In this way the "London Free Trade Centre" was transformed into the national headquarters of the "Capitalist Workers' Movement".

When Adam was invited to the Mayfair home of Sir John Cassland



SAY NO TO



DEMOCRACY

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Brodie there were hints of a large political donation, as well as a commission to the Astigmatic for a series of paintings to be used on sweet wrappers.

Adam was considerably older than the usual objects of Sir John's attention. However it was clear from the outset that Adam excited the elderly patron of the arts. Rather than getting down to business, Sir John drank like a fury. Eventually the aged pervert voiced the words he'd been wanting to speak since he'd first clapped his eyes on Adam.

"Let me play with your dick," the old man blurted.

Adam stood over Sir John, allowing the trembling Englishman to undo his flies.

"What a hunk of meat!" the senile sex-maniac exclaimed as he took out Adam's love muscle. "Why, it's big enough to rupture my arse!"

"Put it in your mouth," his partner instructed.

The scumbag obeyed. His toothless sucking activated the genetic impulse buried deep within Adam's brain. White sperm exploded in the ancient orifice. Adam removed his shaft from between the old man's lips. Sank down onto his knees. Pulled out his playmate's wrinkled tool. He placed its pea-sized pathos in his mouth. Bit it clean through in one savage bite. Sir John screamed in agony. Reeled backwards. Adam stood up and spat out the bloody stump of flesh that had once been a penis. He knew it was only a matter of minutes before the old codger snuffed it. He got into the bastard's bum while the going was still good.

Adam went into bathroom and washed himself down. Drank a coffee in the kitchen. Went over the flat. Lifted two grand cash and some expensive jewelry from a safe, along with documents detailing Sir John's illicit arms dealing activity. The documents prodded Adam into making a second, more thorough, search. Beneath a bedroom carpet he uncovered a hidden safe. Inside were six grenades, ten pistols, thirty rounds of ammunition, the parts to make up three rifles. Adam was well pleased with himself. He held in his hands merchandise that would enable him to go into the arms dealing business.

ADAM was woken by the sound of Dan Linford going into his office. Dan was deputy leader of the "Capitalist Workers' Movement". Adam had returned to his party headquarters to stash his haul of the previous night. He'd sat down to read Sir John's documents and fallen asleep in his chair. Adam called Dan in, ordered him to go and buy a copy of "City Limits". Adam went through the 'Agit Prop' section. Listed in his diary the forth-coming meetings of ultra-left groups. Perused the documents he'd started on before falling asleep. Then leafed through some pulps. H. P. Lovecraft. Sax Rohmer. Mickey Spillane. At ten he went through the mail with Dan. There was the usual mixture of enquiries, donations, some coded messages about porn and smack operations. But one piece was well out of place. It was a letter from Tunnel Vision Thompson giving four weeks notice of his resignation. Adam decided to take some action. And fast. He got a syringe and some smack from the safe. Loaded his 45 and walked out.

He found Thompson manning the desk at the Astigmatic. There was no-one else around. Adam pulled the bastard into the back office.

"I hear you wanna leave." Adam intoned blandly as he landed a savage jab in Bobby's stomach. He felt the jar travel up his arm. Thompson doubled up.

"Nobody walks out on me, nobody!" Adam screamed as his boot thudded into the bastards face.

Tunnel Vision didn't know if he was having a shit, or a shampoo, as his boss kicked him into the following week. Adam called up a couple of trusted side-kicks and ordered them down to the gallery. While he was waiting he administrated Thompson with a healthy dose of skag. His accomplices were told to take Tunnel Vision back to the Whitechapel HQ. Where the bastard was held, and shot up, until he formed a habit. Adam took a tube to the Dilly. Before he'd had the chance to offer some junkie a connection, a beer boy sidled up to him.

"Looking to deal some H?" the cretin seemed to imagine Adam had been born yesterday.

"Might be."

"Follow me. I'll show you some good deals," the beer boy had death written all over him.

"What's in it for you?"

"A ten per cent cut, if you think any of the deals are worth taking."

Adam's face was a mask of indifference as he followed the beer boy into a building on Regent Street. They got into a lift. The beer boy pushed the top floor button. As he did so Adam smashed the butt of his 45 into the bastard's head. The scumbag went down and stayed down. Adam wiped the blood from his gun butt. The lift door opened. Adam stepped into a hallway pulling the beer boy behind him. He opened a broom cupboard and heaved the body into it.

There were only two companies on the top floor. Adam put the silencer onto his gun. He advanced on the door marked "Triangle Commodities". Slipped the handle. Inside four beer boys were engrossed in a game of fives. The arseholes were sitting so close together that Adam had no problem wasting the pack of them, without a single shot being fired in retaliation.

Adam walked through to the back office. Inside the boss was getting

blown by his secretary. A slug sliced through the typist's brain. The bastard who'd been getting the oral screamed in agony as she slumped across the floor. Adam jumped over the desk and planted a boot in the bimbo's face. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as the porky gangster fell out of his chair. Adam shoved his gun against the scumbag's temple. Watched as he spat out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

"O.K., bastard, what's your game?" he demanded.

The bimbo was too busy choking on his own blood to give a coherent reply. So Adam demonstrated his contempt by making the bastard eat leaden death.

A quick search of the office uncovered a few hundred grands worth of gear. Along with this Adam lifted a file of useful addresses. He phoned up his boys and arranged to meet one of them in a Soho cafe. Once his haul was in the hands of a trusted side-kick, Adam headed back to the Dilly. It didn't take long to pick up a junkie. The pair headed back to the skag-bag's dive on Old Compton Street. Boot kissing, and a shrimp job, followed. Adam was no foot fetishist. He simply derived pleasure from the humiliation of his partner. He sat on the junky's face, and farted. He bound the bastard. Rubbed gear into his arse. The junkie was so keen to get at the skag, he gave the best rim job Adam had ever had.

"That was pretty good, kid," Adam enthused as he untied the wretched bastard. "If you fuck me hard up the arse I'll give you a couple of bags as a goodbye present."

It was pathetic the way the junkie fingered himself in a desperate attempt to get a hard on. He just couldn't do it. Shooting dope had reduced the kid's sex drive.

"Guess you can't do it," Adam spat as he got up.

"No, no, don't go!" the kid protested. "Just give me a few more minutes."

"O.K. But I'm a busy man. If you're fucking me around. If you can't get it up. I'll blow your brains out."

Adam shoved his gun into the skag-bag's mush. Consulted his watch. The junkie massaged his love muscle without visible effect.

"Four minutes," Adam intoned.

The massaging became more frantic.

"Three minutes, son."

The boy's hand moved wildly. But without effect.

"Time's up!" Adam announced squeezing the trigger on his gun. The junkie slumped. His limp dick still clutched in his hand.

ADAM found the Metropolitan easily enough. Had a couple of drinks. Saw that people were going upstairs. Followed them. Most of the fifteen people in the hire room seemed to know each other. The 'Workers' Council Movement' did not attract widespread public support. The theme for discussion that evening was announced as "Workers' Councils - Unitary Form of Organisation of the Proletariat In Class Struggle and Revolutionary Preparation". The ensuing three hours of 'discussion' was dominated by two older men. Both were what Adam was looking for. Both were seriously into carrying out violent attacks on the state. Both were potential red terrorists. Both might want to buy arms.

Adam didn't hang about. When the meeting ended he propositioned Dave Miller, the better looking of the two men who'd dominated the debate. Miller, a self-confessed 'polymorphous pervert', took Adam up on his offer. They made their way back to Miller's Paddington flat in a clapped-out mini-van. Gulped down several handfuls of quick acting laxatives. This was followed by a late supper of beans on toast, washed down with special-brew lagar. The bedroom was completely black, with vinyl wallpaper, a rubber carpet, and latex sheets on the bed. The perverts stripped off. Miller broke wind. A real stinker. Adam picked up a tube of KY and rubbed the jelly into Dave's arse. Seconds later he was battering into the crepe tissue of the councilist's sphincter.

The coupling reached first climax. Adam shot off a sticky wad of liquid genetics. For a few seconds the two bodies seemed to melt, the rubber sheets being the only thing that prevented them soaking into the bed.

Adam got off the bed. Stood with his cock poised over Miller. Waited for nature to perform one of its small wonders. He sprayed urine over the councilist's body. His partner amused himself by trying to catch the sweet sewer wine in his mouth. Thus fortified, Miller crouched on all fours, and bade Adam shove a clenched fist up his arse. Adam pushed down on Miller's shoulders, so that his partner's arse was pushed up into the air. He clenched his fist and drove it into the rim of dark pleasures. The councilist let out a great scream of ecstasy. He'd obviously undergone such treatment a number of times. His anus was well stretched. Adam removed his fist. His partner collapsed on the bed.

Once he'd recovered, Miller got a razor, a bowl of water, and some shaving foam. The polymorphs took it in turns to shave each other's body hair. They started with their pubes. Moved onto underarm growths. Then chests and stomachs. They finished up by shaving their legs. Thus denuded the perverts felt ready for the evening's main action. While they were waiting for the shit to hit the fan, Miller sucked Adam's cock deep into his throat. Adam could feel the pressure mounting in his groin. He shot off a great wad of liquid genetics and his DNA code switched back onto manual.

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The pair of perverts lay arm in arm between the latex sheets. Adam was the first to shit himself. A brown liquid mess brought on by the laxatives. The shit seemed to have been watered down in his stomach. The polymorphs rubbed the dark fragrance over their smooth, hairless, skin. Adam jerked Dave off and the semen was added to the filth caking their bodies. Adam shat himself again. Dave added his own contribution. In no time at all, the pair were awash in a sea of diarrhoea.

The sweet smell of the sewers wafted through Adam's dreams. By the next morning the odour permeated the entire flat. Adam fucked Dave hard up the arse. As he did so, caked excrement fell from their skin.

Breakfast was eggs and strong coffee. Adam used this social occasion to bring up the subject of violence.

"Well, what about it Dave?" he concluded. "Do you wanna buy some grenades?"

"I'd love to, son," the older man replied. "But I don't have the reads."

"No problem!" Adam retorted. "You can nick the money."

"How?" Miller wanted to know.

"Easy," the smack peddler replied. "Do over a few supermarkets."

"I don't know how."

"Look," Adam peristed. "It's no problem. We could go and do one now. You'll soon get the hang of it."

"You'll show me?" the revolutionary was suspicious.

"Sure."

"What do you get?"

"I get to keep the money from the job we do together," Adam replied. "For showing you how it's done. You buy my grenades when you've done a few jobs of your own."

The pair of perverts headed for Hounslow in Miller's mini-van. They parked on a side-street. Nicked a MK III Cortina. Dave kept the engine running while Adam was inside the store. Adam shot dead the guy on the till. A woman came running out from the back of the mini-mart. Adam shot her too. He rang up "No Sale". Pulled money from the cash register. A fifty. A few twenties. Plenty of tens and fives.

Dave put his foot on the accelerator. They dumped the cortina a few minutes later. Got into Miller's mini-van and drove back to Paddington. Adam arranged to meet the councilist the following week, to negotiate an arms deal.

MILLER bought all the arms Adam had stolen from Sir John. Adam followed up the contacts in the documents he'd nicked and was soon able to meet Dave's new orders. The right-wingers Adam was buying from would have been after blood if they'd known he was acting as middle-man to a communist gook.

Adam had been an arms merchant for fifteen months when his suppliers suddenly refused to meet an order. Two days later he received a warning from Miller that Pillar 69 were wanting his guts. Adam laid out five grand to buy all the information he could get on this obscure fascist group. It's leader turned out to be Lord Justice Portson, a highly respected neo-nazi who had been a close friend of the late Sir John Cassland-Brodie.

Adam called together the five hardest members of his organisation. Ordered them to launch an assault on Portson's Hampstead home. The attack co-incided with Pillar 69's quarterly meeting.

Adam's men were armed with machine guns. They blasted leaden death into everything that moved. Ontop of Portson and his men, the commandos killed four alsations, three cats, and a goldfish.

Adam retrieved the weapons from his troops, when they returned to their party headquarters. He led them down into the cellar where he shot them. Adam went upstairs and found Dan Linford. He smashed his fist into the bastard's mouth. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as Linford fell back against the far wall. Then slumped to the ground, spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. Adam tore down the bimbo's trousers. Knotted the bastard's genitals. He shoved a funnel into the semi-conscious man's mouth. Poured down several buckets of water.

Adam jumped some buses. Found himself in Homerton. He walked into Hackney Hospital. Pulled out his 45 and stuck it in a patients' mouth.

"I'm gonna blow you away, shitbag!" Adam informed the quaking invalid.

He made the bastard sweat it out for a minute before squeezing the trigger. As his victim slumped, Adam shot randomly at other patients.

"Eat lead, you scum!" he screamed as he blasted the bastards with his 45.

Adam ran into the children's ward shooting wildly. All around him patients, nurses, doctors, screamed as they looked death in the face and lost their sanity.

In an adjacent ward, Bridget Sky sat on her bedpan and fumed. She'd been brought to the hospital a month ago with two broken legs. She was only twenty-five, but they'd stuck her in a ward with a load of old biddies. The best company she had was an inflatable parrot. She looked at the screen of her portable tv. Pissed.

"Christ!" she swore as Adam ran into the ward. "Can't I have any

peace?"

Adam blasted out a volley of death. A stray bullet ripped through the curtains drawn around Bridget's bed, and sliced through her inflatable parrot.

"You fucking bastard!" Bridget screamed drawing back her curtains.

She picked up her bedpan and threw it at Adam, hitting him smack in the face. He staggered backwards, and fell, hitting the crown of his head. An old biddle, supported on a walking frame, made her way towards the concussed gunman. She bent very slowly and picked up Adam's 45. Rested her arms on the walking frame. Aimed. Adam's brains splattered across the floor.

STRAIGHT

SOME bastard was banging on the front door. Virginia Box's mood was as black as Hitler's heart. The scumbag knocked again. Not realising that every rap brought him seconds closer to death. Virginia had ignored the noise for several minutes. Now it was getting on her nerves. She unbuttoned her dressing gown and pulled open the door.

"Hello." Alan Browne mumbled, somewhat startled at Virginia's state of undress.

Ginny stared at the 106 bus as it trundled along Manor Road.

"The housing co-op sent me round." Alan's attempt at communication might have been more successful if he'd been looking Virginia in the face. "They said you had a space."

"I'm busy right now." Virginia spat the words as though her mouth was a machine gun from which a crazed commando was emptying leaden death.

"Can I come back and see the room some other time?" Alan persisted.

"I suppose you can take a look now." Virginia's face was a mask of indifference.

"I'm Alan," the creep informed her pushing his way into the hall.

"I'm Linda Lovelace." Virginia cupped her hand into Alan's groin.

"But I suppose you'll be wanting a cup of tea and a look at the house before we get down to basics."

"Yes," the creep replied.

Ginny boiled some water in a pan. Put tea in a pot. Used a saucer as a lid. Two cats slinked in from the garden. The tabby jumped onto Alan's lap.

"What's its name?" Alan asked.

"They don't have names." Ginny replied. "They're just the cats. I thought of a name for one of them once. I've forgotten it now."

Ginny poured tea into a cup that hadn't been washed for three months. Handed the scalding brew to Alan.

"There's no milk or sugar." Ginny spoke in a flat, even, tone.

Alan drank down a mouthful of the fluid. It tasted bitter. Tea leaves caught in his throat. He coughed.

Virginia slumped in a chair. Spread her legs. Fingered her love button. The black cat pissed into Alan's tea.

Virginia moaned lightly. Her genetic mystery juiced up.

Alan swallowed another mouthful of tea. Tried to stare into space but found his gaze drawn to Virginia. The DNA code buried deep inside his brain switched onto auto. Conscious thought was drowned out by the upward wellings of his evolutionary drive.

"Lick up my sex juice!" Ginny commanded.

When Alan moved towards Virginia, she pushed him away.

"I'm being rude. You'll be wanting to look at the house before we plumb the sticky depths of ecstasy."

Ginny led Alan upstairs.

"This is the toilet. It doesn't work."

The first room she showed him was fire damaged. Half the floor boards were burnt away.

"This room is vacant. It needs a little work done on it. I had a bonfire in here last winter."

The room at the front was filled with junk.

"This is the other spare room. I won't do any more than open the door. It's very difficult to get inside. That's your choice. One of these rooms. But come up to the next floor. I'll show you my studio."

The studio was a spacious front room. Against the far wall finished canvases were piled metre deep. They were all variations on a single theme. Very small dots painted in bands of varying intensity.

"Some people might say you were dotty!" Alan joked.

Virginia lashed out with her fist and heard the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as her knuckles connected with Alan's mouth. The bastard staggered backwards. Hit the wall. Slid to the floor spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. The creep gurgled, almost choked, on his own blood. Virginia squatted over the prostrate figure. Pissed in its face. Alan came round. Ginny pulled him to his feet.

"Don't ever make another joke about my work," she warned him.

Then pulled the dazed bastard into her bedroom. He lolled on the bed. Ginny put in her 'special' cap. Alan focussed his eyes and real-

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used his clothes were being pulled off.

"Feeling well enough for a quick squirt?" Virginia enquired.

Alan nodded. He fingered his pea-sized patheticness into an erection. Pulled a condom off the litter strewn floor. Rolled the latex down his very short length.

Virginia mounted her victim. Guided his plonker into her maidenhood. Alan wriggled beneath her, moaning lightly as his shaft eased into the site of her mystery. Ginny rocked wildly. Head thrown back. Mouth open. Alan's moans became a scream of agony, as his under-sized endowment hit the blade embedded in Ginny's 'special' cap. Virginia let out a peal of laughter as she looked down and saw Alan's blood pouring from her love hole.

"So long, motherfucker!" she screamed at the man dying beneath her.

Alan's short length went flacid from blood loss. Virginia dismounted. She dragged the body downstairs and dumped it in the cellar with all the others.

KEN Knobb hadn't thought twice about blowing his return fare to Preston on a steamy sex session with a Soho prostitute. 'Wendy' had picked him up on Greek Street and demanded thirty knicker for the favour.

Knobb had followed her back to a one room bedsit in Rupert Street. He'd handed over the money without a murmur.

Wendy stripped off. Knobb followed suit. They got onto a mattress. When Knobb tried to kiss his partner she pushed him away.

"You've paid to do whatever you like between my knee-cap and navel. A blow job is £15 extra. Kissing is not allowed."

Wendy slipped a condom over Knobb's knob. Guided him into her mystery. Wendy was well versed in the mathematics of human geometry. Was an expert at making clients come quickly. Knobb's genetic wealth splattered into the confinement of the sheaf. He felt cheated. A precious batch of his DNA had been wasted on this woman of ill repute.

Wendy rolled from underneath Knobb. Got off the mattress. Started to dress. Ken got to his feet.

"Well, is that it?" he demanded grabbing hold of Wendy and shaking her violently.

"Yeah," she replied. "What did you expect?"

"I expected the earth to move!" he screamed as he slammed a fist into Wendy's mouth. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone. Wendy staggered backwards spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

Alan could hear someone pounding up the stairs. They stopped outside Wendy's room and began pummelling on the door.

"Wendy! Wendy! Are you alright?" a woman screamed.

Ken threw his clothes on.

"Open up you bastard! I'll kill you if you've hurt my girlfriend."

Ken climbed up a drainpipe and onto the roof. He ran the length of several buildings before descending a fire escape and disappearing into the Soho crowds.

Wendy was washing out her mouth. She was well used to male violence. She'd been beaten many times by her ex-husband before turning to prostitution as a means of escape. Her girlfriend from downstairs was making tea.

"How many times do I have to tell you Wendy," Soho Sally spat as she put the lid on the pot, "there's no escape from male violence. I know you've been better off since you left Graham, but we both still have to suffer these evolutionary abortions. There's only one solution: EXTERMINATION. Death is the only cure for this blight upon womanity. This latest incident has made me resolve to do something I've been meaning to do for years. I'm gonna get a gun. Then I'm gonna go out and shoot every man I see."

Wendy spat out a mouthful of water.

"As you kill the bastards think of me."

VIRGINIA Box had a connection in the Dilly. The dealer was hot for her. She wasn't an addict. Not yet. Could have paid cold cash for the £5 bag she would use in her performance that evening. Spreading her legs to get the gear appealed, not because she was short of change, but, as a romantic ideal. She never missed an opportunity to prostitute herself for her art.

Virginia met Toni in the subway. Followed him down the escalators and onto a train. Was exactly ten paces behind him all the way to the hotel. That was the way Toni liked it. It helped bolster his belief that the latin blood coursing through his veins guaranteed genetic superiority over both the 'fair' sex, and other races.

Ginny shut the door behind her. They were alone in a white hotel room. She stripped off. Got on her knees. This was the routine. She'd done it eight or ten times before. Toni didn't have to tell her what to do anymore.

"Genetically superior being," Virginia pleaded, "let me place that huge love muscle of yours in the womb-like confines of my mouth. I know I am unworthy. I know I am genetically inferior. I know I don't deserve to be anointed with your DNA. But you can hardly blame me for wanting this! In your generosity as a high creature, let me taste the sweetness

of your mystery!"

"O.K. bitch!" Toni spat as he got out his cock, "but you'd better blow me good!"

Virginia took Toni's pea-sized plonker in her hand. Was about to put it in her mouth when his come dribbled out prematurely. The DNA was impoverished. Fatally weakened from generations of in-breeding, which had poisoned the genetic pool.

Ginny closed her lips about Toni's tiny dick. Her partner had by this time recovered sufficiently from the ecstasies of his premature orgasm, to want to retrieve his manhood from the enclave in which he had so wantonly abandoned it. Thus the sinful encounter was brought to a sudden end by Toni falling to his knees, and putting his hands together.

"Mary! Mary! Please ask our father to forgive me!" He pleaded to no one in particular. Or at least Virginia assumed it was no one in particular. She didn't bother looking around the room for any sign of Toni's sister. She didn't even know for certain that Toni had a sister called Mary. She had simply assumed this fact from the reference to a common father.

"I know I have sinned," Toni continued. "But although I am of Adam's seed I have always striven to maintain my virginity until the day of my marriage to a good catholic girl. The whore led me astray. Tempted me with the sins of Eve. I know I let her kiss my penis. I know it was an act of gross sexual pollution. But I'm a good boy. I haven't allowed myself to be seduced into complete sexual penetration. I haven't allowed the instrument of my racial propagation to be corrupted by disease ridden sex juice. Mary! Please ask our father to forgive me!"

Toni got up. Slapped Virginia across the face.

"You must punish me, slut!"

Virginia sat on the bed. Toni fell across her knees. She raised a hand and slapped his bottom, until the soft flesh was covered with welts.

Toni got up. Pulled up his trousers. Handed Virginia a £5 bag of skag. Watched as she dressed. She walked ten paces behind Toni to reception. He handed over the room key. A porter went up, checked the room. There was no damage. Toni got back his deposit. He walked to the door, where he waited for Virginia to catch up.

"Again, in one week's time. Don't be late, whore!" he spat.

Toni stepped onto the street as Soho Sally came racing round the corner brandishing a 45.

"Eat leaden death misogynist gook!" Sally screamed as she blew away Toni's brains.

KEN Knobb stood in Tottenham Court Road tube station asking passers by for spare change. It took him fifteen minutes to scrape together the fare to Kennington.

St. Agnes Place was only a few minutes walk from the tube station. Ken had to bang hard before Susie Smith answered the door.

"Hi!" Ken's face was a mask of smiles. "Remember me?"

Susie's face was blank.

"We fucked on the beach at Blackpool the summer before last. You said I was the only man you'd ever love. I said I'd be in touch."

"I remember." Susie's voice was a monotone. "You claimed to have had a vasectomy."

"Did I.....?" Ken was puzzled. Couldn't recall the facts. He'd simply pulled Susie's name out of his address book. Beyond the address and telephone number, the only written information he had on her was a four star sexual rating, and a tick to indicate she was a soft touch.

Susie led Ken into the kitchen. Placed a steaming mug of tea between his hands.

"I tried to contact you," she seemed concerned, "but my letters were returned."

"I had to move unexpectedly," it was Ken's standard evasion.

"Bastard!" Susie swore. "I addressed a letter to the occupiers. It was a request for information about where I could get hold of you. I got a reply. It said that if you'd ever lived at the house, it must have been before the war. The present occupiers had been living there since 1946 and they'd never heard of you."

"There must have been some mistake," Ken protested.

"There was a mistake alright!" Susie screamed. "My mistake! Perhaps you'd like to meet your son?"

"What son?" Ken demanded.

"The one that's upstairs!"

"Shit!" Ken realised he'd made an error of judgement imagining he could free-load off Susie again.

Susie picked up a rolling pin and chased Ken out of the house by bashing him about the head and shoulders.

VIRGINIA Box was well pleased with the turn out for her performance. One hundred and seven punters had paid money through the door to see her outrageous act. Ontop of this there were the guest-list VIP's who included five critics, three gallery owners, and Sir Charles Brewster of PAP (the Progressive Arts Project).

"Fantastic Ginny!" Linda Forthwright, the Earth Gallery's director, enthused. "At £5 a head we've pulled in a lot of lolly. This 'Heroin Campaign' of yours is a real hit! Until this evening I'd written performance off as a tax loss. Something I was forced to put on in order to get

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grants. I'd never imagined it could be a money-spinner."

"Why don't we have dinner together after the show?" Virginia suggested. "We could arranged a re-booking over the meal."

"Yes, let's do that." Linda agreed. She was smart enough to recognize Virginia's flair for fast-talking, and self-promotion, as the hallmarks of a rising star.

A spotlight lit up the darkness, Virginia entered stage left.

"Tonight." Box announced. "You're going to witness a ritual. You're going to witness a stage in my addiction to heroin. As an artist I feel it's my duty to perform the role of public junkie. I see this as the most effective means of exorcising addictive needs from the collective unconsciousness. The action I am about to undertake is a public vaccination. By addicting myself publicly, I will remove the need for addiction from the general population. This is the fifth action in my performance series 'Heroin Campaign'. Already, as the number of you here tonight indicates, my fame is spreading. And the greater my fame, the greater the frequency of my performances. At the moment I am still joy-banging. But with the steadily increasing frequency of these actions I will soon be addicted. Without doubt, this 'Heroin Campaign' constitutes the most important public art phenomena of the twentieth-century. The first realisation of popular and accessible acts of auto-destruction as prophesied by Gustav Metzger, in his lecture to the Architectural Association over twenty years ago. Tonight I am performing in an art gallery, but in two years time, I will be performing in football stadiums."

As many of you know, there are numerous historical precedents for my activities. One being the work of the Fluxus group. I am basing this whole performance series on a simple Flux-style script. A script which is poetically composed from the most basic elements, and which anyone could easily perform. Creative input is added by each individual's interpretation of the script. The script itself runs as follows:

HEROIN ACTION

Shoot up in an art gallery
Charge money
Repeat the event.

However, in this post-modern age of ours, I feel it is necessary to counter-point this mono-causal flux-event with a neo-baroque input. I have chosen to appropriate this input from the Vienna Institute For Direct Art. Following the example of Nitsch, I will ritualistically induce a fitting atmosphere for the classical simplicity of the final action, through baroque foreplay."

Polite applause was drowned out by a medley of 'heroin hits' ranging from the obvious contributions of Lou Reed, to the more subliminal encouragements of "Hey Jude", "Bridge Over Troubled Water", and "Love Missile F1 11". To this accompaniment, Virginia stripped.

Having attained a state of nudity, she deposited herself on the floor, and proceeded to spread her legs. She beckoned various members of the audience, being careful to pick out big name critics, gallery owners, and Sir Charles Brewster. The men lined-up for the gang bang. The Marxist critic Jock Graham was the first to plumb the depths of Ginny's mystery. He interpreted Virginia's work from a post-feminist perspective. Graham dropped his trousers and battered into the crepe tissue of Ginny's sex in a way that allowed both of them to reclaim their sexualities from a realm outside the roles and hierarchies a repressive society assigned them.

David Browne, the gallery owner came next. He shot off a load of his liquid genetics using Virginia as a simple vessel for his seed. He was interested in Art. He couldn't give a fuck about politics. Browne was followed in his manly abandonment to the pre-programmings of his DNA, by two critics and another gallery owner. Virginia had saved Sir Charles until last. The superior size of his cock allowed him to plumb the dark depths of her mystery with a greater penetration than the preceding adepts. Once he was satisfied that his monster-sized penis could take scientific enquiry no further, he shot off a great wad of liquid genetics. The experiment complete, he returned to a passive role within the audience.

"That was good!" Virginia announced, her legs still spread across the floor. "But what comes next will be better!"

An assistant handed her a smack-filled syringe. She placed the needle against her moist love hole. Ginny let out a low moan as her thumb pushed down on the plunger. The needle sank into her clitoris. She felt as if the final star had exploded, and what it had sent cascading across the universe, was now being sucked back inside the rent that had once been its core.

Linda Forthright stepped onto the stage and announced that anyone who wanted to bang Virginia could now do so, upon payment of fifty pounds. Ginny was too smacked-up to count the number of people who took up the offer, but it seemed like most of the audience.

MY name is Knobb, Ken Knobb." Ken was introducing himself to Emma Career of the Bow Studios.

"Quite obviously, I need no introduction." Emma replied snottily.

"That's right Emma, you're famous! Creepy Ken enthused. "Everyone

knows you're the most beautiful woman in London. And that on top of this you're a fucking genius, with a rare ability for spotting new talents such as myself."

"And just how big is your cock?" Emma enquired.

"A cool half-metre." Ken lied.

"If it's as big as your mouth it will do."

The couple walked the short distance to Ms Career's swanky Mayfair apartment. Although East End galleries were fashionably exotic, Emma wouldn't even countenance rehousing herself in that neck of the woods. Yuppies could continue moving to docklands in numbers that rivalled the genetic death drive of lemmings, but people of Emma's CLASS would always remain in the civilised West End.

Emma ordered Ken to strip. She got out a polaroid and took a couple of snaps. At the ring of a bell an assistant appeared with video equipment. Emma reclined gracefully on her water-bed.

"I want a shot of you begging to be allowed on board." she informed Ken.

"Genetically superior being," Ken pleaded, "I know I am unworthy! I know I have no right to request this in view of my puny and inferior manhood! But please grant me the pleasures of your DNA!"

"O.K. stud," Emma replied, "but you'd better fuck me good!"

Ken got up from his knees and clambered onto the bed. He put his head between Emma's thighs. His tongue lashed into her fuck-hole. She moaned lightly as million year old genetic responses took control of her body.

Ken moved himself upwards. Kissing Emma about the navel. Then about the breasts. He moved up further, inching his love muscle into the cavernous pleasures spread before him. Battered his fuck-stick through the purple passage of evolutionary control.

The two bodies heated up towards orgasm. Seemed to melt. But the warm swirl of unitary origin was evaporated in the heat of climax. Orgasm over, they found themselves returned to a world of dominance and hierarchical relations.

"This is the best one yet!" the assistant screamed as Emma pushed Ken off her chest.

"Get it on!" Emma screamed back.

The trio sat transfixed as they watched a playback of the fuck action. It was even better than the first time around.

When the show was over Emma got down to business.

"I take it you're an artist?" she began.

"Yes," replied Ken. "But it is your beauty, not your position, that seduces me."

"You'll go far," Emma encouraged. "You obviously have a basic understanding of how the art world works. You've got a big dick so I'll help you out. The first thing you need is a show. Michael K is supposed to be installing his new work in the Bow Studios next week. However, only this afternoon he was less than polite. I'll blow him out and put you on instead."

"That gives me an idea," Ken enthused. "We could do an insurance fraud, and frame Michael K. for the rap. A couple of days after my opening I'll break in and smash the place up. All the evidence will point to K. He's got a motive because his own show was blown out. I'll grab a lot of publicity, you'll get your revenge, and we'll both make some money."

"I like it! I'm impressed! Now tell me how you'll get a show together in less than two weeks."

"The show will be called 'Destruction of Images/Images of Destruction'. I'll get a skip company to dump a week's worth of waste in the gallery. A kind of nouveau realiste revival."

"fine. It will do," Emma replied.

"You'll dig the performance I do at the opening," Ken continued. "It's pure Piero Manzoni. The London premier of my 'Excrement Campaign'. It's already caused a sensation on the northern club circuit."

"Tell me about it some other time," Emma interrupted. "I want to go to sleep. Just give me your address so I know where to get hold of you."

"I've not got anywhere to stop at the moment," Ken explained. "I came to London intending to go back to my parent's place in Preston, but I blew the fare. I was in the pub begging money, when I spotted you. On the spur of the moment I thought I'd introduce myself, to see if I could line-up some London dates."

Emma wrote down an address and handed it to Ken. "Tell these people that I sent you, and that you're to move in."

VIRGINIA Box had an appointment to meet Sir Charles Brewster for lunch. She was ten minutes early. He was thirty minutes late.

"We may as well dive in at the deep end," Sir Charles informed Virginia, as they started on the soup. "I've decided you're going to have my child. You've a strong body and artistic talent. Combining this with my intellect will create the son I've always desired."

Virginia nodded in shocked agreement. She knew what was good for her career.

"As a reward for your co-operation," Sir Charles continued, "I've arranged for you to become art historical. We're going to Flipper Fine Arts after lunch. You're to be signed by the gallery. Over the next year they'll invest a hundred thousand pounds in you. After that they'll

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invite other galleries, internationally, to invest in you. By the time the investment reaches five hundred thousand, the major museums will be forced into a position where they can't ignore you. They'll have to buy examples of your work."

"And how will this money be invested?" Virginia enquired.

"To start with, Flipper will put on an exhibition of your work. This will be in the spring. There'll be a full colour catalogue to accompany it. Flipper will pay one, or more, international critics to write about you. This writing will be put in the catalogue. Adverts will be placed with the art press. With the bigger magazines these adverts also count as credits towards running features on Flipper artists. Every artist signed to the gallery benefits from this. Without the gallery having sufficient credits, they don't stand a chance of getting coverage."

"Sounds great!" Virginia enthused. "Is there anything in particular I have to do?"

"Yes." Sir Charles replied. "You have to keep your mouth shut. No one cares what you produce, as long as you run a smooth production line. But whatever you do, you must never speak about your work. Critics will be paid to interpret it. This is their speciality, so they'll do it far better than you, they'll understand how best to market it intellectually."

"When do you want me to have your child?" Virginia enquired.

"You will be impregnated in the summer. My seed is already deposited in a sperm bank. The child will be born next spring."

"I see." Virginia replied. "But I've one other question. What if I have, or should contract, AIDS?"

"There's a cure." Sir Charles reassured her. "However for the time being it's only available to those with very high connections."

"Why's that?" Virginia asked.

"It's expensive." Sir Charles explained. "And the disease has its uses. You might have noticed the hysteria that's been whipped up in the media over the virus. The government has many reasons for wanting to induce such a fear. A frightened population poses less of a threat to its leaders, particularly when they are frightened by something they don't associated with the leadership. And people who have been kept in a state of mild panic, are easy to control. World leaders are always meeting to dream up new ways to terrorise their populations. They'd watched the masses become resigned to the threat of nuclear annihilation. AIDS was probably designed by a scientist working for the Americans. If it isn't a designer virus, world leaders have seized upon it as a God-send."

Ken knocked on the door of the crumbling house in Victoria Park Road, Hackney.

"Ross MacDonald?" he enquired when a burly man answered the door.

"Aye," replied the Scotsman.

"I'm Ken Knobb. Emma Career said that you'd let me move in."

"Come inside." the Scotsman's face was a mask of smiles. "How is dear, dear, Emma?"

"As beautiful as ever." Ken replied.

Ross led Ken into the kitchen, where he pressed a mug of steaming tea between Ken's palms. Joseph Campbell, the passive half of MacDonald's life, wandered in. Introductions made, Ross explained that Ken was moving in.

"So," Joseph spat at Ken, "the old witch wants us to house you."

"Now, now, Joe." Ross put in. "You know what Emma wants is good for our careers."

Joseph ignored the remark, and persisted with his pointed comments.

"You know the old crow is a repository for every disease that's liable to take hold between the knee-cap and navel? I hope for your own sake, she's been to the clinic lately. You could do worse than going down there yourself, to find out what you've caught."

"Emma is a very nice woman." Ken interjected.

"Call yourself straight?" Joseph retorted. "That witch is old enough to be your mother! Has she given you a show?"

"Yes." Ken smirked.

"You must have a big dick."

"That's right." Ken snickered.

"I knew it! I knew it!" Joseph screamed.

"Sht up Joe!" Ross shouted. "If we're nice to her she might give us a show too."

"Your dick's not big enough." Joseph taunted.

Ross smashed his fist into Joe's mouth and was rewarded with the satisfying crunch of splintering denture. Joe fell from his chair spitting out dollops of blood, and the occasional piece of National Health dentistry. Ross had broken the last of Joe's natural teeth several years previously. Joe picked himself off the floor. Washed out his mouth. Sat back down at the table.

"What is it you do?" Ross asked Ken.

"Junk assemblage." Ken replied. "I've also developed a performance series called 'Excrement Campaign'."

"Sounds like bullshit to me!" Toothless Joe spat.

"So what do you do, that's any better?" Ken demanded.

"Ross and I are engaged in a ten year data project entitled 'Fruitless Labour'. Ross makes plaster casts of rocks and I paint them."

"Is that some classical reference?"

"Sisyphus."

"You got any money Ken?" Ross interrupted.

"No."

"Then I won't try to hit you for the rent. Me and Joe have been here three years, and we've never paid a penny. We just tell the housing co-op our benefit hasn't come through. What a joke! We spend the housing cheques in the Queens."

"Which rooms can I have?"

"You can live on the top floor." Ross informed Ken. "Use the attic for a studio. Joe and me use the other three floors. Our studio's in the basement."

VIRGINIA Box walked into the office of Flipper Fine Arts for yet another meeting with Amanda Debben-Philips, the exhibitions' director.

"Hello, Virginia!" Amanda's face was a mask of smiles. "Before we start this meeting I'd like you to go into the back room and service the Saudi-Arabian prince whose waiting for you."

"Sure." Virginia replied casually.

She went into the back room. Said "Hi", to the prince.

"Take off your clothes." the prince commanded.

Virginia obeyed. The prince put a hand on her breast. He left it there for a minute, then used it to remove a length of cloth from his pocket. He blindfolded Virginia. Ordered her onto the bed. As she lay still she could hear the prince undressing.

He got on top of Virginia. Battered into her fuck-hole without any 'Christian' preliminaries. Ginny moaned when she was supposed to. Virtually all the time. The prince came quickly, splattering his own brand of DNA into the confines of a condom. He got off the bed, dressed. Ordered Virginia to stand up. Untied the blindfold. Watched as she put on her clothes.

"You may go now." the prince told her.

Virginia went back to the office, proceeded with her meeting.

"I've good news for you, Ginny." Amanda's face was a mask of enthusiasm. "We've programmed our computer to punch holes in card along the same lines as the patterns in your paintings. This stencil method is much quicker than your old technique. We got a technician to place the cards on canvas and paint over them. In the last three days we've produced 437 paintings. They're in the store room. At the end of the meeting I want you to go down and sign them."

A large part of any art career consists of attending openings. It was thus inevitable that Ken and Emma should meet. However, since this is no fairy tale, they didn't meet for the first time in Cork Street. Indeed it was their fate to meet at an 'alternative' show.

"Art By The Metre" was a one day event. The show had been created by an experimental group working under the name 'Art Exhibition'. Inside the shop on Whitechapel High Street, which had been specially squatted for the occasion, there were three large canvases. At 5pm the landscape was taken down and cut into eighteen metre square units. Each one of these units was offered for sale at £10. At 6pm the abstract was taken down and cut into eighteen square metre units. Each of these was offered for sale at £15. At 7pm the nude was taken down and cut into eighteen metre square units. Each unit was sold for £20.

"Strong concept." Emma Career informed Ken. "We've always found it necessary to have these anarchic types on the fringe of the art world. We require the symbolic destruction of the market before we can reinvent it. Without such a dialectical thrust, collectors wouldn't be interested."

Amanda Debben-Philips floated up to Emma with Virginia in tow.

"Hello Emma. Have you been introduced to Virginia Box? She's my new find. I'm promoting her into the international market."

"Yes! You introduced us at the CIA opening last night. However, it's lucky you introduced us again as I'd forgotten her name."

"And who is this you have with you?" Amanda enquired.

"This is Ken Knobb. I introduced you at the FBI opening last week."

"I remember now. I was so busy looking at his crotch that I didn't take in his face."

NINETY per cent of the London Art World turned out for Ken Knobb's premier at the Bow Studios. A conservative estimate put the numbers at 300. Most of those there were so tied to the Art Machine, that they'd known of the switch from Michael K., to Ken, almost before it happened. The only noticeable absence was Amanda Debben-Philips. She'd sent her apologies, explaining she had an urgent appointment at the clap clinic.

This lowest trash of humanity, this proto-capitalist scum, who thronged inside the gallery, matched the freshly installed exhibition perfectly. Old bricks, lumps of plaster, broken chairs, discarded sofas, rotten carpets, abandoned televisions, were stacked one on top of the other. This master work of post-modern appropriation consisted of all the junk the A & R Skip Hire Company had been contracted to dispose of during the previous week. It made little difference to the managing director whether the waste was dumped in an art gallery or on the municipal tip. The

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promise of a contract to remove it from the gallery when the exhibition was over, proved sufficient incentive for him to temporarily divert the garbage from its usual destination.

"I understood the nouveau realists revival wasn't to begin for another three months," a critic was complaining.

"It is somewhat unethical," a gallery owner replied. "We did make an agreement to start the revival in March. However, as long as nothing is sold, I don't imagine it will affect the market."

"It's alright for you!" the critic cried. "All you have to worry about are your sales. I have a reputation to maintain. I've already predicted in print that the revival will begin in March."

At eight it was announced that the latest phase of Ken's 'Excrement Campaign' was about to begin upstairs. Those who could be persuaded to leave the wine table, entered a first floor studio, and found Ken before them, lying on an operating table. A nurse pushed his legs up against his chest. Inserted a length of metal tubing into his rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned lightly as the surgical implement penetrated his sphincter. The metal tube was connected to a length of rubber hose, which in its turn ran out of a pressurised jar of heated water. The nurse pushed a button. The warm swill was discharged into Ken's arse. The metal tubing was withdrawn. The heated swill made Ken's bowel muscles relax. Ken discharged a load of fresh, liquidised, loam, into a metal dish.

The nurse removed the dish. Bottled the excrement in test tubes. Ken got off the operating table. Picked up a roll of toilet tissue. Tore off a piece. Turned and shoved his arse up at the audience. He wiped the orifice. Turned around. Threw the soiled tissue into the audience. A slight scuffle followed as three punters fought for possession of the memento. Ken repeated the toilet tissue action, while the nurse wheeled the operating table to the back of the studio. Ken wiped his arse a third time. Threw the tissue. Another scuffle ensued.

He got into a yoga position. His head resting on the floor, facing upwards. His back arched over, so that his arse was immediately over his face. His legs stretched out on the floor behind his head. The nurse inserted a tube of excrement, stoppered end facing outwards, into Ken's anal orifice. Ken removed the cork, allowing the liquid shit to dribble out of its container, and streak across his face. When the last drop had dribbled, Ken removed the tube, and got up off the floor.

"I believe in the power of the lottery!" Ken announced. "I play newspaper bingo. I own premium bonds. I want to re-invent the art of our century in the light of this belief system."

Ken walked to the back of the studio where he picked up a book of raffle tickets and a hat.

"O.K.!" Ken shouted as he walked back. "The tickets are a pound each. The prize is a test-tube of my shit, or if the winner prefers, all the money taken in the raffle."

An art collector stepped forward. Bought a ticket, saying that he'd take the shit. A couple more people stepped up after him and bought tickets.

"This is too much like Pierro Manzoni!" someone shouted.

"Listen craphead!" Ken replied angrily. "This is post-modern appropriation. You can stuff authenticity up your arse."

"Fuck you," the disident shouted, and then left.

Some more people bought lottery tickets.

"Come on, come on! Ken encouraged. "Don't pass up this chance of a life-time. It isn't every day you get the opportunity to win a test-tube of my shit. In ten years time you'll be able to sell it for millions."

A few more tickets were sold.

"There's now over thirty quid in the kitty," Ken cajoled. "So, even if you don't want the shit, you could go home with money in your pocket."

Two more people bought tickets.

"Right," Ken spat. "This is your last chance. Anyone who wants a ticket will have to buy one now."

He sold three more tickets. Counted up the money.

"We've taken £37," Ken smiled. "So thirty-seven lucky people are in line for being our big winner. But before I get my beautiful assistant to make the draw, I'd like those thirty-seven people to think about the difficult choice they may have to make. Firstly, consider that inflation will reduce the value of the money, while my shit will increase in value. Secondly, consider that my shit will degrade. If the owner wants the shit to retain its value, they will need to spend money having it preserved, whereas the £37 could be invested, instantly increasing its potential value."

Ken shook up the lottery stubs. The nurse put her hand into the hat, and pulled out a number.

"Twenty-three!" he screamed, her voice crazed with excitement. "That's me!" Virginia Box screamed in delight, as she stepped forward waving her ticket.

"Which prize would you like, lady?" Ken enquired.

"I'll take the shit."

"A wise choice," Ken's face was a mask of smiles. "And because it's such a wise choice, I'm gonna give you the chance to double your winnings."

"Yes?" gasped Virginia.

"Yes!" replied Ken. "We'll cut cards. The highest card wins. If you cut high, on top of your tube of excrement, you also get an excrement painting, and the £37. If I win, you lose the tube of excrement, but as a booby prize, you get to kiss my arse. However, before you decide, I'll make the excrement painting. Then you'll actually see what you've got the opportunity to win."

The nurse brought Ken a tube of excrement, and a pre-stretched canvas, from the back of the studio. Ken dripped excrement over the canvas. Then melted some chocolate laxative on top. Gluing a piece of toilet tissue in one corner completed the composition.

"It's beautiful," Virginia sighed. "I'll risk my all in an attempt to gain it."

The nurse offered Virginia a pack of 'nudie' cards. Virginia drew an eight. Ken cut an eleven. The audience thinned.

"The booby prize!" Ken announced as he shoved his arse into the air. Virginia kissed the proffered orifice. Ran her tongue along the crack. Back and forth. Lubricating the shit shute with her saliva. The audience whistled. Slow clapped. Boots were stomping out a rhythm.

"Shove your fingers up his arse!" a woman's voice called out.

Virginia formed her hand into a pistol shape and rammed the out-stretched index and middle fingers into the rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned. The fingers penetrated his mystery.

Someone in the audience dropped their trousers and got the person behind them to shove two fingers up his arse. Several other people followed suit.

Virginia span Ken around. Took his cock deep into her throat. Ken moaned. Buried genetic mechanisms took control of their bodies. It was as if they were floating in the warm swill of a tropical sea. Ken shot off a wad of his DNA.

Virginia hitched up her skirt. Peeled down her pants. Pulled Ken on top of her. Genetic impulses had long ago set loose her sex juice allowing Ken's fuck-stick a squelchy passage through her tunnel of love. The two bodies meshed into one. The primitive rhythm of sex blurring their identities. Breaking down their egos. Reducing them to their unitary origin.

All around them other couples, and trios, were experiencing a similar loss of identity. On the edges of this festival the alienated looked on in voyeuristic fascination. Ken came. Virginia pushed him away and found herself another man. Emma Career got onto Ken and rode him into exhaustion. When Emma was finished, Virginia pulled Ken out of the melee. Took him home.

"WELL darlings," Emma Career concluded. "I think your 'Getting Addicted Together' Campaign is a great idea. With the swing to the right, and the AIDS scare, couples are very fashionable at the moment. However, I want you to remember one thing." Emma was staring at Virginia. "Ken is my very own, personal, walking, talking, living, dildo. Whenever I want to exercise my genitalia, I expect him to come running. So, you're quite welcome to his personality, but just remember that his fuck-stick is mine."

"I understand," Virginia was nodding to emphasis the point.

Emma got out of her chair, and walked the few paces to Ken. She took out his tool. It hardened in her hand.

"Lie on the floor," Emma commanded.

Ken did as he was told.

"Sit on his face, Virginia," Emma instructed. "Pull down your knickers, so he can eat up your pussy."

Emma pulled a walkman, and a pre-recorded cassette of the Stooges 'Raw Power' from a draw. She took a dildo from a shelf. Switched on the anal exciter, and shoved it up Ken's arse. She put the cassette in the player, turning the volume up loud. The headphones went over Ken's ears.

Emma peeled off her knickers. Hitched up her skirt. Rubbed her clitoris with an index finger. Once she'd got the lubrication going, she lowered herself onto Ken's stiff cock. Ken's tongue was exploring Virginia's cavernous pleasures. His arse tingled orgasmically. The raw energy of the Stooges exploded through his head. Emma was working him up to fulfill his genetic function. Ken's ability to distinguish between the different phenomena had vanished under the intensity of these various sensations.

He had gone beyond personality. Had been reduced to a mere function of his DNA. Sperm surged through Ken's cock. The liquid genetics spurting out into the purple confines of Emma's fuck-hole. Virginia's sex juice was filling up his mouth. The music. The vibrator. These sensations were being genetically recorded for future generations. Future species. But Ken didn't feel a thing. The social construction that constituted Ken Knobb, had been blown away.

Emma pulled herself off Ken's instrument of genetic propagation. Virginia got up. Sore from the lashings of Ken's tongue. Emma pulled the dildo from Ken's arse. The cassette clicked off.

Ken lay on the floor dribbling sperm and saliva. Virginia made three teas. Pressed one steaming brew upon Emma, and another into Ken's sweaty palms. The latter recipient began to come round. Pulling his character armour back into place. Emma drank down her cuppa.

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"Right," she announced. "I've got to get going. There's a flame thrower in Studio Eleven. I want you to break in there and use it to destroy the exhibition. I'll come in at nine tomorrow and discover the damage. I'll call the cops straight away." She was looking at Ken. "If you come in at eleven, you can fill out the insurance forms, and start phoning the papers. Try and burn the walls a bit while you're doing over the exhibition. It'll mean I can claim insurance for having the gallery repainted. It needs doing."

WHEN Ken walked into the gallery his mouth dropped open. His face went white. Then scarlet as he flew into a rage.

"The bastards! I'll kill the fucking bastards! Wait till I get my hands on them. I'll pour boiling wax over their eyeballs. I'll sew up their arses and force-feed them. I'll remove their skin layer by layer, until there's nothing left but bone. This is what comes of abolishing National Service! The nation is over-run by hooligans!"

"And just who might you be?" a constable enquired.

"Me?" Ken cried in disbelief. "I'm the person who wants to know why you haven't been doing your job properly. I'm the person who wants to know why dangerous criminals are allowed to run loose. I'm the person who wants to know what you're doing to catch the bastards who've ruined my exhibition. That's who I am!"

"Ah..." the constable sighed, taking out his note-book and flicking through the pages. "You must be Ken Knobb, the artist who.....installed? Is that the correct word?"

"Yes," Ken replied.

"You're the artist who 'installed' this exhibition."

"That's correct."

"Good," the constable replied. "I've been waiting for you to come along. I'd like you to answer a few questions."

"Well, fire away."

"Do you have any enemies?"

"No. Why should I? I'm an artist."

"The person who smashed up this exhibition obviously had a reason for doing it."

"Ah," Ken replied. "I'm beginning to follow your line of reasoning. Whoever did it must be jealous of my incredible artistic talent."

"Does that slogan mean anything to you?" The constable was pointing at the words 'Artists Are The Real Philistines', which Ken had burnt into the wall with the flame-thrower.

"Why man!" Ken replied, his face a mask of horror. "That's a situationist slogan!"

"And what may I ask," the constable enquired grimly, "is a situationist?"

"They're a rogue breed of militant," Ken explained, "who recognise the central value of art to our society. They see the destruction of art as the starting point of any effective political strategy. The reverence with which your average worker attends an art gallery drives them wild. Just as nineteenth-century anarchists saw the necessity of destroying religion before they could have a violent revolution in which everybody would get killed, so these situationists see the destruction of art as a necessary pre-requisite for mass butchery. On one occasion they organised a 'situation' at the Tate. Four of them ran through the modern galleries, causing quite a disturbance, until the security guards caught them. They have been known to steal milk from doorsteps as a tactic in their campaign to redistribute wealth. Some of them even possess 'texts' by Bakunin!"

"I see," replied the constable whose eyes had glazed. He smashed a clenched fist into an open palm. "This is most serious. I'll do everything I can to smash the red bastards."

"Is that all, constable?" Ken enquired.

"I've just one more question." The constable informed him. "Does the name Michael K. mean anything to you?"

"Why yes!" Ken replied clutching the constable's sleeve. "He's one of those situationists! He pretends that he's an artist, but it's just a front to infiltrate the art world. I was once at an opening where his bag got knocked over. Several situationist texts fell out, including a copy of 'Society of the Spectacle', the most terrible of their books!"

"That's all I need to know," the constable's face was a mask of hate. "Miss Career has already informed me that he has a grudge against the gallery. She's given me his address. I'll get an arms warrant and shoot the red arsonist as he tries to resist arrest. That'll save the British taxpayer the expense of a trial."

The constable left and Ken went upstairs to Emma's office. His insurance claim came to a cool fifteen grand. Emma was claiming another five big ones against damage to the gallery. A twenty grand turn-over wasn't bad for thirty minutes work.

"By the way," Emma informed Ken as she looked over his insurance claim, "the gallery takes fifty per cent of all your sales. That includes insurance money for works damaged."

Ken spent the afternoon phoning the papers. Fortunately for him the cops had shot the red bastard they believed was responsible for destroying his show. The situationist gook had tried to resist arrest. This death made post-modern art a front page affair. Ken had arrived.

KEN and Virginia teamed up with a skinhead poet to do over some Mayfair flats. Both Ken and Virginia had earned a lot of money, but they'd squandered it all on smack. They couldn't believe their luck when they found a Picasso hanging on a living room wall. They dragged a sheet over the painting, and took a bus back to Virginia's Stoke Newington abode. Fencing a Picasso was no easy feat. But pulling it off would make them each several million richer.

Virginia went down to the cellar to get some wine. It was a futile gesture, since they were all too smacked up to enjoy alcohol. Ginny slipped rat poison into two red bottles. She kept a white bottle clean for herself. While she'd been down in the cellar, Ken had smashed a chair over their collaborator's head. Ken had then rumaged through some draws until he found a kitchen knife. He'd shoved it through the heart of his erstwhile, and now unconscious, partner in crime. When he withdrew it, the blade was bloody red. Virginia received the same treatment. The only difference being that she was conscious when the knife went into her heart. The wine she was carrying went crashing to the floor, where the bottles smashed. Ken withdrew the blade, his ex-girlfriend dropped down dead.

He wrapped the Picasso in the bedsheet that had covered it on its journey to Stoke Newington. Walked down Manor Road, left onto Stamford Hill, and south onto Stoke Newington High Street. Ken strode towards Dalston. Soho Sally raced around the corner from Church Street. She levelled her 45 at Ken. Sent two bullets blasting into his back. Ken fell into the road. Went under the wheels of a bus. The driver didn't have time to stop. By the time the cops had stopped the traffic it was difficult to tell where Ken Knobb ended, and the Picasso painting began. They were both an integral part of the same bloody mess.

THE AVANT-GARDE OF PRESENCE

'On 16th January (1963) some revolutionary students in Caracas made an armed attack on an exposition of French art and carried off five paintings, which they declared they would return in exchange for the release of political prisoners. The forces of order recovered the paintings after a gun battle with Winston Bermudes, Louis Monselve, and Gladys Troconis. A few days later some other comrades threw two bombs on the police van that was transporting the recovered paintings, which unfortunately did not succeed in destroying it. This is clearly an exemplary way to treat the art of the past, to bring it back into the play of life and reestablish priorities. Since the death of Gauguin ('I tried to establish the right to dare everything') and Van Gogh, their work, recuperated by their enemies, has never received from the cultural world a homage as true to their spirit as the act of these Venezuelans. During the Dresden insurrection of 1849 Bakunin proposed, unsuccessfully, that the insurgents take the paintings out of the museums and put them on the barricade at the entrance to the city, to see if this might inhibit the firing of the attacking troops. We can thus see how this skirmish in Caracas links up with one of the highest moments of the revolutionary risings of the last century, and even goes further.' Guy Debord 'The Situationists and the New Forms of Action in Politics And Art'.

DEBORD'S strength as a 'revolutionary leader' was always his greatest weakness. Through him several generations of anarchist, and left communist, youth, have discovered the 'pleasures' of detournement, and the 'practical' uses to which such pursuits can be put. As part and parcel of these practices they have inherited Debord's fetishisation of the separation between politics and art. 'Detournement' is thus adopted as the activists' substitute for more mainstream cultural activities. Rather than abandoning 'art' for a life PRAXIS, Debord preferred to take on the egotistical role of 'revolutionary leader'. As a result, from the mid-sixties onwards he felt the need to attack art in the same way he had previously practised it. Like Hitle (another failed artist), he invested in art an unwarranted importance long after his move into politics. Thus he never properly understood the qualitative difference between an individual art work, and art as an abstract reification. This weakness is amplified in the 'theory' of his followers, many of whom imagine that the destruction of specific art works, is, in itself, a revolutionary tactic. An even greater failing is their inability to appreciate why the destruction of art is at the same moment the destruction of politics. Despite an 'apparent' difference, the distance between 'art' and 'politics' has always been minimal.

THIRD MANIFESTO OF PRAXIS

TASTE, like law, is based on precedent. Therefore, as a 'revolutionary' force, we are opposed to aesthetics. Morals, also, are based on previous cases, which are used as examples, and justifications. Therefore, we have no truck with religion, philosophy, or politics.



SIN IN STYLE



FREEDOM